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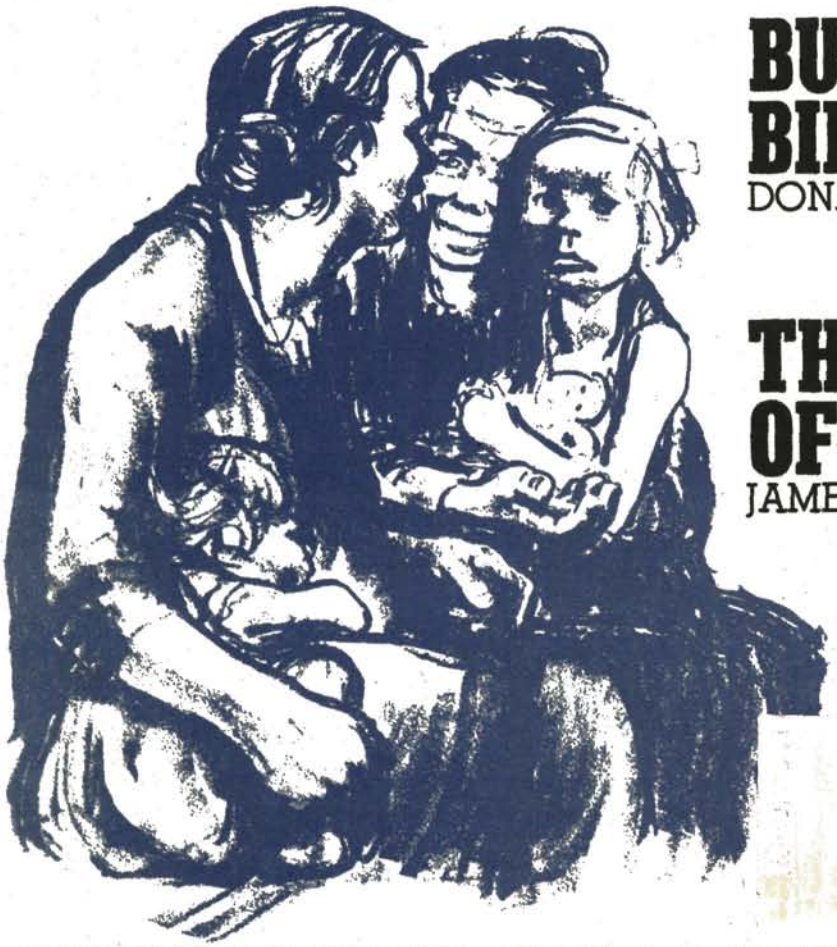

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EXCHANGE OF VIEWS: THE 'CATHOLIC' CATHOLIC PROBLEM

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NEWS & VIEWS

Batter Up!

The shrimp hit the fan down Maine way, when columnist Thomas P. McDonnell in the *Church World*, Portland's diocesan newspaper, indulged in a bit of summertime frivolity by naming a Roman Catholic All-Star Baseball Team.

It all started when McDonnell noticed a John Knox in the Detroit Tigers' line-up. His mind imagined a Martin Luther slipping curves over the Vatican's home plate; a sainted Tom More gloving 'em down at first base; a farm system full of Jesuit hopefuls. Before you could say "play ball," McDonnell had come up with the following club:

"Andrew 'Pepper' Greeley, shortstop, lead-off batter. A peppery performer at all times, he gets on base like a good lead-off man should. No one has ever claimed that Andy Greeley can't even get to first base, though many have claimed you can't get to first base with Andy. Led the league in stolen bases. Writes best-sellers in the off season.

"Dan 'The Poet' Berrigan, third base, batting second. A veteran, Berrigan has been active since the early days of the campaign, when few were getting into the game at all. An aggressive player, critics say his weakness is charging ground balls. He commits his share of errors in any given season, but has led the league in double plays for years. A good hitter.

"Bishop Peter L. 'Pete' Gerety (Newark), first base, batting third. Very conscientious and determined, he is totally involved in the game when others seem to be taking it easy. Currently swings a hot bat, and is not above taking a bad rap for somebody else's throwing error. Handles arrogant reporters very well.

"Hans 'King' Küng, left field, batting cleanup. His weakness is swinging at bad pitches. They'll deny it, but team officials are looking for a good trade. Tends to waste energy in the way he plays left field. Küng led the league in home runs during the Vatican II Series, but hasn't hit much since then.

"Cardinal Terence 'Terry' Cooke, right field, batting fifth. Also known as 'Cookie,' he was recently acquired to replace Dan Lyons, S.J., who has been sent down to the minors for drifting too far to his right. Cooke plays right field comfortably enough, but can't hit.

"Fulton J. 'Teevee' Sheen, second base, batting sixth. He hasn't played much at the keystone position in recent games. It's no secret that coaches would like to sign Marshall 'Message' McLuhan to the position, who would be the first layman to break the clerical barrier, but chances are slight. Sheen's weakness is looking for the cameras.

"Cardinal Leon 'Joe' Suenens, catcher, batting seventh. He's recognized as the spirit of the team. A steady but always inspired performer. Backup receiver is the very aggressive *Dom Helder Camara*, possibly the best in any league, including the tough Ecumenical All-Star division.

"Msgr. Francis J. 'Lollipops' Lally, center field, batting eighth. He can go either way, left or right, and frequently does. Recently traded to Washington, Lally is a relative newcomer to the big leagues. He is said to have class, but most observers are waiting to see him perform in his new position.

"Theodore 'Ted' Hesburgh, pitcher. A real ace. Hesburgh has great control. His specialties are the knuckle ball and the fast ball. He was picked up on waivers from the Administration All-Stars after his unconditional release by the White House front office.

"Cardinal John 'Jack' Wright is the designated hitter. He's an authentic heavyweight and fills the designated-hitter role to perfection. Even when he strikes out in a crucial situation, as he frequently does, big Jack Wright strikes out with style.

"John 'Papa' Montini, coach, says that the team's major weakness is its failure to pick up the signals from the bench. A delegation of charismatic cheerleaders is said to have restored Papa Montini's confidence in his coaching job. Perhaps his biggest problem is to induce a winning spirit in the team."

Bishop Edward C. O'Leary —the Bowie Kuhn, if I'm allowed, of Portland—was unamused, and zinged a letter to the *Church World* saying that "while [McDonnell's column] may be properly understood in the sense in which it is written in strictly clerical circles, I do not consider such an article proper consumption for the public domain."

Adding to O'Leary's unamusement was the column's illustration, a montage showing Cardinal Wright in baseball get-up. "Caricature . . . in poor taste," wrote the bishop.

McDonnell responded that no offense was intended, including the matter of the photo, originally of the cardinal posing in sombrero. "All I did was take off the sombrero and put on a Boston Red Sox (his hometown team) baseball cap and add the bat," said McDonnell.

McDonnell has survived the come-backers, but the experience leaves him mildly disconcerted. "I have for many years taken solace in the knowledge that the Catholic Church has long enjoyed a quality that many other churches lack," he explained, "a sense of humor, a sense of the divine folly, and a capacity to laugh at itself, now and then, and to do so without obvious malice. The Catholic Church has always had a built-in sense of the family joke. I'd be very reluctant to think that our emergence into the postconciliar age has also wiped out our sense of humor."

McDonnell's is a Chestertonian assumption, and perhaps never as true as Chesterton said and we have always liked to believe. I once knew a humor cartoonist who lost his job back in the 1950s when officialdom was unamused by his sketch of a wind-blown nun and a sailor passing on a sidewalk, which had the sailor calling, "Hi ya, matie."

"Caricature . . . in poor taste," said the archbishop.

The cartoonist went into advertising—a faster league, and a better paying one.

Match Point

Two notorious casualties of our time, comments the *Times Literary Supplement* ruefully, are Latin and newspapers. So it is hardly surprising, says *TLS*, that *Acta Diurna*, a termly Latin newspaper for British schools, will not appear again.

TLS takes consolation, however, that there is still the odd occasion and singular place where Latin is bandied with elegance and wit—as when Sir John Betjeman, the poet laureate, was awarded an honorary degree this summer by Trinity College, Dublin.

On that occasion, the public orator acclaimed him as the man whose Muse *non quadriga vehitur sed birota* (rides not in a chariot, but on a bicycle), and asked: *Quis te contemplari potest tremula sine admiratione, o puella potentissima Joan Hunter Dunn*? (Who can contemplate without a *frisson* of admiration that masterful maiden Joan Hunter Dunn?)

Who's Joan Hunter Dunn? *TLS* was no help.

She's the tennis champion who beat the subaltern in Betjeman's poem, *The Subaltern's Love Song*: "How mad I am, sad I am, glad that you won!" Later that evening they became engaged in the car-park at the Tennis Club Dance.

Thirty, love. JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Assassination

Sydney, Nova Scotia

To the Editors: I read with fascination W. Carey McWilliams' justification [July 18] for political assassination. Living in a country (Canada) which is dependent on the United States fosters a different perspective on the curious need the world's most powerful nation has to kill leaders of some of the world's weakest countries. I found it strange that Mr. McWilliams kept harking back to Hitler and Trujillo and never mentioned Fidel Castro or Salvador Allende, though his prose style (Senator Frank Church "stalking" the assassins) had prepared me for this oversight.

Fantasies about Hitler's assassination provide a shaky basis for a general theory justifying political assassination. Hard cases make bad law. Mr. McWilliams does not see assassination as a moral issue but as a "technique of foreign policy." Yet he says judgment is critical. On what basis is judgment to be made then if not expediency? And how would he distinguish between the deeds of the CIA and any other terrorist group bent on eliminating the "politically odious"?

The poor liberals take a beating because of their preference for economic sanctions. One would take it from the article that this is unique to them. In fact it is not a liberal elite but the United States Government which supports oppressive dictatorships in Brazil, Bolivia, Uruguay, Chile, Guatemala, South Korea, and until recently, in Southeast Asia. Mr. McWilliams puts Reinhold Niebuhr's comment in a context which implies that because it is not more moral to starve people than to shoot them it may therefore be moral to shoot them. A case could be made that the United States does either or both of these when its economic self-interest is at stake.

My husband tells me that the medieval moralists justified the killing of

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PROTECTING HISTORY

Old soldiers, we know from General Douglas MacArthur, never die, they just fade away. Old Presidents, we are learning from Richard Nixon, don't even do that. At least Mr. Nixon isn't. From behind the protected fences of San Clemente he is launching an assault on public opinion and history that promises to be as self-serving as any of his notorious political campaigns, but it is to be hoped, not as successful as some.

The strategy at the moment is two-pronged: a challenge in the courts over the custody, ownership and disposition of the White House documents and tapes of his administration; followed by a television "memoir" guided by a British talk-show entertainer who probably knows as much about American law as Johnny Carson does about the Magna Carta, and as much about culpability as Carson does about Old Bailey. Later, of course, there will be a book, or series of books, rearranging the historical record as Nixon would have it. The ultimate objective, of course, is not only to achieve another Nixon resurrection (though not as candidate this time), but also to conclude his self-canonization as political martyr, who died that the virgin prerogatives of the presidency might be preserved. It is all very cynical, and the public should be on guard.

This is not to say that Nixon should be denied any Constitutional right. Let him plead, speak and write as he will. But let the rest of us be warned against a pitch that is certain to be slick. It's enough to have bought one bum used car.

The public memory is short, and there resides in most Americans deep wells of sympathy for the defeated. It is a situation ready-made for Nixon. His new exercises will reconvince partisans and undoubtedly win some converts to the view of himself as wronged man, a ground already seeded by Nixon lawyers in arguing that the law transferring control of his presi-

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dential papers and tapes to the government is punitive and was passed to punish the former President. (Never mind that the act only closed after 200 years a major oversight in U.S. law: who, between individual and nation, owns what in the files of an administration.) The trick for the public is to feel sympathy, within bounds, but not be forgetful that this alleged injured party was involved in monumental violations of the law and the system (hence the necessity of his pardoning), and that this would-be guardian of presidential confidentiality was concerned above all with his own protection (hence the fact of the cover-up). Nor should it be forgotten that this anxiety to place his case before the public follows his successful frustration of official channels, including congressional investigating committees, whose access to Nixon should always have been more immediate than David Frost's, but wasn't.

A principal worry in all of this is that Nixon will somehow succeed in circumventing the Presidential Recordings and Materials Preservation Act of 1974 and gain control over the White House documents and tapes of his administration. Apart from the question of his reliability as custodian of anything so historically important, there is the rationale that accompanies the argument. Only he, his wife and his daughters, Nixon asserts, can make "the delicate judgments with regard to what is private and what is personal and what is political and what is embarrassing, what is national security." *National security*! Mr. Nixon makes a joke. In kindness he is best left unrebutted.

WASHINGTON REPORT

MAKING OIL SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY

The 1975-76 Winter is only a couple of leafs of the calendar pad away and the so-called "energy problem" still bedevils the country. Ever since Egypt, followed by other Arab states, went to war against Israel two years ago, the vise has tightened. Petroleum has been withheld from the United States and other industrial nations and, more effectively, a series of price increases imposed for oil imported from the Arab states situated along the Persian Gulf. Gerald Ford, the President most ardently believing in the "free-market" of supply and demand (and prices) since William McKinley, has insisted that the way to keep the United States wallowing in oil, as it is accustomed to doing, is to let the price of imported oil rise and rise and rise—a position dubbed "the Persian resolution" by opponents. His position is similar for domestically produced oil, now being decontrolled. Just before the recess began, one Congressman from Texas, Bob Eckhardt of Houston, who is not in the oil industry's hip-pocket, told his colleagues in the House chamber that Americans, like Robert E. Lee's defeated soldiery a century ago, should be provided with horses in the coming Spring—not for planting crops but because "we won't be able to afford gasoline."

Aside from Ford's proposal, the advice being received has not been particularly helpful. Technologists have held up to us their genie lamps of "new energy sources," such as geothermal and solar; economists have told us that the period of inexpensive energy has passed and we'll have to make do from now on; and petroleum companies and the automatic oil-producing Arab states have held hands even more tightly in their traditional golden alliance against consuming nations everywhere.

There's been little straight talk about the whole matter. The fact is there is no energy problem strictly speaking. There is no petroleum shortage. There is a problem, a political one. The United States government refuses to stand up to the Arab countries and the five major oil companies that are American owned; refuses to break up the cartel the two groups maintain which subscribe to a production policy that keeps prices from falling. Reliable statistics are difficult to obtain, but there are indications we are importing slightly more than one-million barrels of oil daily from Arab countries. This is less than 10 percent of our daily consumption rate. Increased gasoline taxes, conservation and other fuel-saving methods would enable us to reduce consumption by that amount and, therefore, call the tune instead of dancing the cartel's jig. The two major American political parties could then demonstrate that they refuse to go the way of Italian political parties to which one of the "majors," EXXON oil, has just admitted it paid between $46 and $49-million over several years—including $86,000 to the Communist party.

The Congress returned this week to resume the confrontation with the Ford Administration over oil. First, it had to decide whether to override the President's veto of the Emergency Allocation Act that provides for allocation and price authority. Then, there'll be an effort to remove a tariff of $2 a barrel on imported oil imposed by the President. Proponents of removal argue that domestic oil, by the nature of the cartel, would rise, if decontrol succeeds, to any price of imported oil that included such a tariff.

The $2 tariff is translatable into direct consumer costs of more than $6-billion a year. Should the President succeed in decontrolling domestic oil produced before

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1973—so-called "old oil"—a renewed trend toward resumption of inflation would be reinforced. And, at the same time, the rebate conferred on federal tax-payers earlier this year would be more than offset.

As Senator Eagleton of Missouri recently exclaimed in the Senate, "the tariff cannot reduce imports; there is no domestic production available to take up the slack (self-sufficiency, even if desirable, is years away). The tariff will not encourage any more domestic production; decontrol will provide all the incentive to drill that could possibly be needed."

Of course, the unequal contest between Lilliputian consumers and the Goliath cartel is not the only energy issue, however central, because domestic reserves of petroleum and natural gas appear to have become less abundant than earlier estimates. Alternative sources of energy are being offered, but some are not easily realizable. Tar sands and oil shale and solar energy and forest products are possibilities but their potential is not predictable. There's a lot of coal, but existing environmental controls and the cost of coal-based energy dampen its expectations. Nuclear energy, as a source of electricity, is the favorite alternative being talked up within the congressional committees and the executive branch agencies. Because the supply of uranium is limited, there is put forward as most feasible not a conventional reactor but a "breeding reactor" for the commercial generation of electricity, because it has an ability to "breed" more plutonium than it needs to operate. By a margin of nearly two to one, the Senate has authorized funds for construction of a demonstration breeded.

At best, the efforts to provide the country with adequate supplies of energy of whatever kind involve Faustian agreements of one kind or other.

One way to minimize the damage would be for the Congress to undertake one of its too infrequent grand public inquiries. Both technical and social matters should be discussed, including whether energy industries should be treated as public utilities in an effort to tether them to the public interest. Whether solar energy, derived from the great beyond, or oil, derived from the bowels of the Earth, their producers should be made accountable—made safe for representative government. This is not now the case. SISYPHUS

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REPORT FROM MID-AMERICA

LOCAL ISSUES, CAUTIOUS MOODS

Late summer is perhaps not the best time to get an accurate sense of the political and cultural climate of the Midwestern states. But I was struck by the change in attitude among farmers, small-town merchants, and urban-suburbanites since my last extended tour of the plains two years ago, and pursued that subject in numerous conversations and in several newspapers, beginning with the Bemidji (Minn.) *Pioneer*, published near the headwaters of the Mississippi River, and ending with the Lawton (Okla.) *Constitution*, the principal daily in that arid land just north of the Red River separating Oklahoma and Texas.

In 1973, people in Mid-America were angry or at least discontent about a number of matters—the economy, the lingering Indochina war, and the Nixon administration; at that time, the Bemidji *Pioneer* carried an Oliphant cartoon picturing John Ehrlichman in a Nazi uniform, with a small helmeted figure in the lower right-hand corner saying, "Ve could have a nice country if everyone obeyed orders." In an editorial about the same time, the editor said, commenting on the wave of X-rated films, that he was more worried about the political pornography in Washington than he was about the skin flicks in the Twin Cities.

This August, the political mood of the Midwest has changed, in a manner that may affect congressional and national elections in 1976. One group, the farmers, appears to be more content. Although a hail storm ruined some crops in Illinois, the corn generally promises a yield exceeding that of 1974 and at a price comparable to last year's. According to Eldon Nafziger, a farmer—like his father and grandfather before him—on the rich black clay and brown silt loan farmland near Bloomington, Illinois, some of the high prices paid for soy beans and corn in his area are finally going to the farmer rather than to the speculator. Farmers in northeastern Iowa look forward to a successful harvest, also; but not so successful as to make them vote Republican, one of them said to me, somewhat defiantly.

News of the Helsinki conference dominated the headlines of the Midwestern newspapers in early August, and the conservative, Republican papers took the opportunity to push their favorite presidential candidate for 1976, Gerald Ford, with editorials and feature stories to complement the wire services' favorable picture of the President. The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* filled the front page of its Sunday edition with encomiums to Ford's "honesty" and what it called his reshaping of the presidency after the disastrous Nixon years. Midwestern journalists, as well as the syndicated columnists in the Kansas City *Star* and the *Daily Oklahoman*, anxiously report signs of calmer times (and in the process rewrite

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the history of the 1960s), predicting a return to normalcy in tones reminiscent of Calvin Coolidge.

With few exceptions, political discussions focus on local matters and occasionally on presidential candidates. Minnesotans are confident that one of their native sons will play a central role in the Democratic party. Senator Walter Mondale, a popular figure, has said that he is no longer a presidential candidate; he, along with many others, expects Senator Hubert Humphrey to be a strong contender, even though Humphrey will not enter the primaries. There is interest in Eugene McCarthy's campaign in Minnesota, of course, and visible support for Fred Harris, whose populist program and direct, knowledgeable approach, speaks to the Farmer-Labor traditionalists in that liberal state.

Thus far, however, much of the discussion of presidential candidates in the press sounds like a re-play of the 1972 campaign: the incumbent simply smiles, says nothing, and elicits a favorable response from reporters, while the challengers have to prove themselves every step of the way and still are not taken seriously. On one point, Midwestern farmers, laborers, and professional politicians agree: the Democratic candidate who plays it safe may get the nomination of his/her party, but without a vigorous, issue-oriented campaign, he'll never win the presidency.

In education and in religion—in the church, rather than the Church—there are some significant developments, although in these two areas, also, the dominant mood is cautious, rather than confident or experimental. All the states face financial problems; in the Midwest, as in New England and New York, the state governments have less money to spend for education and the arts this year. Declining enrollments have begun to hit the larger state colleges (but not the major universities). Students that once went to Indiana State, in Terre Haute; Southern Illinois, in Carbondale; or Mankato State; now go to Purdue, University of Illinois, Champaign-Urbana, or University of Minnesota, Minneapolis. There are cutbacks in programs and faculty—and dismissals of teachers, including several on tenure. Park College, outside Kansas City, an old school formerly allied with the Presbyterian Church, almost closed at mid-year, and has now combined resources with Graceland College, a fundamentalist college in southern Iowa.

But there is no persistent pattern, as the continuing strength of other church-related colleges indicates. Two Catholic colleges, for example—St. Benedict's, a women's college in St. Joseph, Minnesota, and St. John's University, in nearby Collegeville—are enjoying rather dramatic increases in enrollment. For the coming academic year, the same is true, though somewhat more modestly, for the College of St. Catherine, a women's college administered by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet, and the College of St. Thomas, a diocesan school, both in St. Paul.

Liturgical renewal in the Catholic Church began in the Midwest, so it is not surprising to see it continue, though less ambitiously than a decade ago. The Newman Center at the University of Minnesota, after a couple of years of reorganization, appears to have regained its confidence and sense of purpose. With the help of Father William Hunt and the music of Terry Loney, the Center makes full use of the rich tradition of experimentation and community that has characterized liturgies at the Newman chapel for twenty-five years.

Two other remarkable liturgical communities suggest that all is not lost, if people insist upon celebrations with a human purpose. Most parish liturgies may appear to be packed in ice; but in the Waukesha, Wisconsin, Community of the Living Spirit and in Oklahoma City's Community of John XXIII, the church lives.

Twenty miles west of Milwaukee, Waukesha is a town of about 40,000, principally farmers, suburbanites, and working class people. In the Community of the Living Spirit, which meets each Sunday in the White Rock Elementary School, the liturgy and celebration of the word center in the congregation, which moves purposefully and vibrantly into its fifth year. The group, with a core of about three hundred people, is ecumenical, with strong assistance and leadership provided by a diocesan Catholic priest. They share their weekly collection with the United Farm Workers or local peace and justice projects, dispensed by the Community Witness Committee to people in need.

The Community of John XXIII has survived a much longer period and more dramatic changes, including its resignation last February from the jurisdiction of the local Archbishop. As a recent statement on "Common Attitudes and Approaches" and on liturgy indicates, this group of about eighty people is both serious and imaginative in purpose. They continue to develop in a way that is impressive, particularly to anyone interested in seeing what a celebrating community can become. Father William Nerin, assigned as pastor in 1966, continues as the principal celebrant; they meet weekly at the Christ Methodist Church in northeastern Oklahoma City.

In some of these small, even modest experiments, the positive aspects of Vatican II continue to work. At a time, in the Midwest and elsewhere in this country, when people appear to be drawing in, it is good to find these persistent communities still asking basic questions about religious celebration and its relationship to people's daily lives. One looks for evidence, in the newspapers and in the public forum, that basic political questions are being asked as well—questions such as: Who will speak for the victims of power in this country and abroad? And in what way is the American president, whatever his/her name, a threat to human life on this planet?

MICHAEL TRUE

(Michael True, professor at Assumption College in Worcester, Mass., has his roots in the Midwest.)

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RIDING THE WHIRLWIND

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

A priest friend has written to me, "Some of us think you go too far one way, and some of us think you go too far to the other, but I think you are just about right." The truth is that I don't think I am *going* one way or the other. Like many others in this period of the most rapid change in recorded history, while the material and philosophical world is tilting from West to East, when every value we have held is being called into question; when almost every institution of the happiest political experiment in history is riddled with decay and perversion of purpose; when, in a shorter period than my own lifetime, it has come about that food grows out of contaminated earth, the oceans are poisoned with oil and waste, and the air above our cities is potentially death-dealing; when technological man is seeking the way to desert this planet —what am I doing? I am hanging on —to faith and to trust. The question is, of course, what can we hang on to?

After the tumultuous political year of 1968 I wrote the following: "I cannot wish that the campaign did not happen. Through it I crossed the barrier into the world of my children and of all the young people to whom this world really belongs. I see the world now as they see it. I feel a sense of surprise that it is so easy to lay aside what once were rocklike basic assumptions, as I look at injustice in the fierce light of their outrage. But I do not wish to have crossed this barrier having brought nothing from the other side, as have so many older people in a headlong rush to join the young. What I would like to bring with me is a sense of the past, its continuity in the present, and a sense of identity stemming from the past which enables each one of us to withstand the assault of change."

I would not change that much now. The most frightening people of our time, and in history, are those who make abrupt breaks with their pasts, denying what they once held dear, denying the past itself, like Strelnikov in *Dr. Zhivago*, like the young people of the Symbionese Liberation Front (who, however, in some sense had no pasts), like the people in some of the more extreme Jesus movements.

The perception of injustice can assault one's very concept of self, and can undermine personality. In recent years I have been shaken to the very core of my being as successive revelations as to the historical plight of women have correlated with memories from my own life history and that of women I have known. I have sympathized with those, especially my friends in religion, who have had blinding insights into the way that the very institutions which gave them security and purpose have been instruments of injustice. There seems to be only the choice: to deny what one sees, or to cut all ties and jettison all previous values.

But the unquestioning acceptance of change can lead us as easily into a twilight as into a bright new dawn. In another context Dr. Herbert Hendin, director of psychosocial studies at the Center for Policy Research, has said that there is a cultural trend toword dealing with painful emotional problems by politicizing them. "The tendency is for people to find others with similar problems and to declare the beliefs of everyone else as the cause of their despair. Anguish becomes converted into a series of rallying cries." . . . "This is a society that is increasingly denying its impotence by calling it tolerance, preaching resignation and naming all this progress." (*New York Times*, 8/22/75). "If growing up in a family has been a nightmare, do away with families. If intimacy is frightening, let us have open marriage. If children seem like a curse, let everyone stop having them."

Dr. Hendin has put into words my own imprecisely conceptualized apprehension about other areas of our life —that, to be prosy, we are in danger of throwing out the baby with the bath.

It is hard to rise above our personal capacities for evil. It is clear that the best of us can be brutalized and treacherous. It is even harder to free ourselves from the tentacles of impersonal evil, the emptiness at the heart of social evil depicted so graphically in C.S. Lewis' *This Hideous Strength* —evil bred of inertia, fear, the worship of abstraction. The allegiance to what is the lack of reverence of man for men. The good news we once cherished was, and still is, the possibility of redemption, of triumphing over evil and finitude.

When I was a college teacher I used to drive past a Protestant church every day. It had one of those glassed-in sign cases outside holding lettered announcements and this text or that. Most often it blazoned this message: "We preach Christ, and Him crucified and risen again!" That sign and its succinctness used to make me happy. It still does. I hang on to the belief that for those of us in the Christian tradition the central experience and the central answer is an encounter with a Person. I maintain an affection for that institution which, rocking along through the centuries, divided often, absorbing more change and adapting more variously than we know, outliving almost every other institution in modern history, has brought us that Person. I hold that at the very heart of this encounter with Person is the mystery of freedom and personal responsibility, and that, although I am a pacifist and can foresee no justifiable war, freedom and life for others may be worth laying down your life for. There are other modes of sacrifice

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BULLYING BIRTH CONTROL

DONALD P. WARWICK

American infatuation with family planning for export

The mounting world food crisis has stirred fresh interest in proposals to use American food aid to press birth control programs on the more fertile underdeveloped countries. In the late 1960s Paul Ehrlich in *The Population Bomb* and William and Paul Paddock in *Famine—1975* advocated similar measures, but the mood of the times was such that only the most musclebound birth controllers took them seriously. Now that mood has changed. Visible mass starvation in the Sahel and Bangladesh, the global economic crisis, and rising food prices at home have lent new respectability to Draconian methods of population control. In recent months, not only such inveterate hawks as Garrett Hardin but more moderate observers have seriously proposed either selective food aid or total abandonment of "hopeless" countries.

One example came in the wake of the World Food Conference in Rome, an event which dramatized the problem but abdicated at the point of solutions. Rep. Jerry Litton (D., Missouri) is reported to have taken offense when African delegates said that family planning was considered indecent in their countries. Litton, a congressional delegate, retorted that the idea of helping countries which refuse to help themselves is becoming indecent in the United States. He then promised to introduce legislation banning Food for Peace funds to any nation which has above-average demographic growth and is not trying to dampen it through family planning. Comments by other American officials in Rome suggest that he is not alone in this view.

Suppose that in 1975 the U.S. government announces that henceforth food aid will be tied to the establishment of birth control programs. One immediate question is what precisely the developing countries should do to qualify for Food for Peace. Three plausible criteria immediately come to mind: having an official *policy* advocating lowered fertility; mounting national family planning *programs* to implement that policy; or giving evidence of *effective* programs—those which make a demonstrable difference for fertility. There is not much payoff in the first alternative, since about 90 percent of the people in the world already live in nations with policies favoring reduced demographic growth. The second criterion would be equally senseless, for many of the most populous countries already have government-sponsored family planning programs. But if the passkey is having an effective program almost none of the most needy countries would qualify. India has orchestrated a large birth control effort for more than twenty years, but with little apparent impact on its growth rate. Should the threat of starvation be used to compel more decisive action? Bangladesh is so enmeshed in the problems of political survival that no quantity of external pressure will accelerate action on population control—or much else. The other giants of Asia—China, Indonesia, and Pakistan—already have active programs, so that the scope for coercion on that continent is miniscule.

This basically leaves the recalcitrant nations of Africa and Latin America. And here is exactly where feelings toward national family planning programs are most ambivalent and resentment of foreign influence on these questions is most acute. What would happen if these

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countries were peremptorily told: no birth control, no food aid?

An astute government could undercut the coercion by adopting a nominal family planning program and then sabotaging its implementation. The strategy of rejection by partial incorporation is commonplace in bureaucratic warfare, and suffuses more than one existing program. But in areas such as Peru and Francophobe Africa this option would be foreclosed by national politics, especially if the U.S. threats were well advertised. Governments succumbing to "imperialist" pressures might face nasty riots or coups by more nationalistic power contenders. Thus some governments would almost certainly resist nutritional blackmail, even at the cost of starvation.

The selective withdrawal of food aid from these nations would inevitably step up the politicization of birth control. In Africa and Latin America the alleged linkage between family planning and U.S. domination is already a formidable barrier to concerted government action. American organizations have pushed their wares so hard and with so little cultural sensitivity that fertility control, whose boundaries know no national limit, is widely billed as a foreign intrusion. Early in 1974 the Peruvian government summarily shut down the few private clinics operating there because of excessive outside influence. Argentina and Brazil have also complained sporadically of undue external (read U.S.) interference in this delicate area. Charges of foreign aggression would quickly reach astronomical proportions if the cut-off of food aid was palpably linked to deaths from starvation. National leaders would lose no time in heaping blame on the heartless imperialists, if only to protect their own flanks against domestic criticism. Other Third World leaders, perhaps using the forum of the UN General Assembly, would promptly join in the same chorus.

The net result would be an electrification of the family planning question to the point where it might not be able to be touched for decades. Political leaders so foolish as to broach the subject would find themselves impaled on opposition charges of "genocide." The stoning and burning of family planning clinics during the 1968 anti-Ayub riots in Pakistan would be mild compared to the recoil in a country with a heavy death toll linked to birth control. Future efforts to introduce family planning, even when initiated by nationals, would spark as much enthusiasm as a German offer to open sterilization clinics in Israel. In a dazzling display of political stupidity, the very act of forcing birth control on the unwilling would nullify its possibility for later generations of believers.

Beyond the moral atrocity which they would represent in themselves, increased mortality and malnutrition would produce effects exactly opposite to those intended on fertility. Even now an entrenched fear of infant mortality seems to be a prime motivator of high fertility in the poor nations. "Until mortality falls very low," the economist Julian Simon argues, "parents will continue to have more children than they want, on the average, because of the conservative but rational desire to err on the high side rather than the low side. That is, parents are more willing to chance having too many children rather than too few, too many sons rather than none." Often this desire is heightened by deep-rooted cultural preferences for at least one surviving son. Demographers calculate that in a country with a life expectancy of fifty years, couples need at least five children to be sure that a son will survive the father's sixty-fifth birthday. Further, on vital questions such as fertility there will always be a lag between shifts in objective conditions, such as infant mortality, and preferences for numbers of children. Quite sensibly, parents will want to be doubly sure that the specter of pestilence and famine is well behind them before they scale down their family size.

The sudden withholding of food aid could easily obliterate the hard-won psychological gains of all previous reductions in child mortality. Parents who might have responded to a benign environment by lowering their ideal family size from six to four would now aim for six, seven, or "however many God sends." And the millions who, because of the psychic turbulence wrought by economic insecurity, never planned their family size at all, would scarcely find incentives to do so in an even more precarious situation, To complicate matters, the disappointment effect following a sudden downturn of fortunes might well lead to the full reinstatement and even reinforcement of the powerful rituals, tough institutions and tenacious attitudes favoring high fertility. It would be supremely ironical if the net effect of United States policy was to produce pronatalist protective measures in 1980 which were even more robust than a century before.

Underlying proposals for coercive birth control is the naive assumption that governmental family planning programs in themselves will bring down fertility. Riding on a cheery faith in technological solutions to social problems, American boosters invent demand and chase the chimera of a perfect contraceptive. Yet the hard evidence suggests that family planning programs make a difference only when preceded or accompanied by better education, improved income distribution, urbanization and related kinds of development. The demographer Philip Hauser puts it well: "the world has yet to witness a population mired in illiteracy and poverty that has managed to reduce its fertility."

It remains for cultural historians to explain the American infatuation with family planning for export. The unique blend of sexuality, technology and evangelism seen in the birth control movement seems to hold an irresistible fascination for the American character. But also at work is an immense and well-oiled propaganda machine extolling the magic and elegant simplicity of family planning programs. In his recent book *In the Human Interest* Lester Brown writes: "Given the enor-

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mous demand for family planning services in the world, there is probably no expenditure of funds which can approach the effectiveness of family planning services in breaking the self-reinforcing cycle of poverty and high fertility." Brown, usually a perceptive commentator, on the Third World, had been had by the salesmen on this issue. The source of his optimism is dozens of surveys showing that in the less developed countries ideal family size is often lower than actual size—parents would have wanted fewer children than they actually had. This is a clear case in which policy zealots have molded the data to suit their objectives. To translate verbally stated discrepancies in family size into assumed motivation for family planning is not only to violate elementary rules of survey analysis, but to overlook the very cultural situation in which the data were collected. The fact remains that for large numbers of village dwellers in the poor nations hypothetical questions about how many children they might have wanted have absolutely no intellectual or motivational meaning. This is but one example of the ways in which social scientists have been coopted by easy population money to service the myths of the family planning crusaders.

There is no political or technological quick fix for the complex and perplexing phenomenon of high fertility. If there is an answer it is much more likely to lie in social justice than in international coercion. For people victimized by myriad inequities and locked into time-honored fatalistic cosmologies, the very notion of rational limitation of births will take on meaning only when there are improvements in their conditions of living. Lester Brown is on very solid ground when he claims that "perhaps the most pressing need of all is for an adequate, assured food supply. . . . The mounting evidence that assured food supplies bring birth rates down, by offering greater assurance that existing children will survive, lends new urgency to expand food output in the less developed countries where supplies are most tenuous."

THE LIMITS OF REASON

JAMES R. KELLY

Reconfronting the 'lifeboat' ethic of survival

Last semester two colloquia at the college caused me to reflect on the limits of rationality. I am a teacher and I should quickly say that I was provoked to question the limits of "technical reason" or "functional reason" or, simply, reason separated from a vision of human purpose, since reason must never be disparaged. Even some of the mystics remind us that if there are proper limits to reason, only reason can teach us this. And, of course, only reason can teach us to discern what is the good and what is the bad fruit of mysticism.

One colloquium dealt with population and the other with the world food crisis. In both cases many could see only problems. The more many knew, the less they seemed able to suggest. Intelligence was made the antinomy of morality. Thought paralyzed action. Now, no one should offer solutions merely because solutions are desired, and the primary social responsibility of the researcher and the teacher is to truth, not to the virtue of hope. Still, something was wrong in both discussions. In the session on population the demographers described the difficulties of curbing births in the developing nations. An able demographer suggested that aid to these countries merely enabled people to live longer, encouraged the recipients to have more children, and, finally, almost guaranteed social unrest in that country and future political difficulties for ours. As rational men, he argued, we could do little for overpopulated countries.

In the second discussion the direct question of sharing America's food resources with other nations followed similar lines. I had approached the discussion with, I thought, simple and agreeable premises. While there is much honest disagreement about many values, most would agree, I hoped, that living human beings on no account should be allowed to starve. At least we should divest ourselves of all conveniences before we allow this to happen. But, again, many saw only problems: "The food will never get to them." "Many of those countries are corrupt." "Would those countries do anything for us?" Most difficult of all was the question, "Would food relief solve the long-range problem of providing a lifetime of food to a dizzying number of people?" Long-range problems dissolved the moral impulse of helping now. The long-range best was made the enemy of the immediate good. Even worse, the morally good action now was rationally thought to lead to a future evil. The morality of our everyday life was exposed as inept sentimentalism.

None of these objections is outlandish. Indeed, that is the point. But once again it seemed that reason left to its own devices paralyzed itself. We could not, it

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seemed, be rational and moral at the same time. The more we know, the less we seem able to do. Even the simplest of moral impulses—the biblical injunction to feed the hungry—seemed beyond our rational ken. But when even the most elementary human impulse seems stilled by an appeal to rationality it is time to re-examine what we mean by rationality.

At a minimum, to be rational means to be logical and to make conclusions on the basis of evidence. No one, of course, argues that rationality alone rather than morality obliges us to share our food with the hungry of other countries. Appeals to help others are directed to our sense of decency and common humanity. We tell others and ourselves that we *ought* to help feed others and, of course, no number or arrangement of facts on their own can produce an "ought." Yet, if our values can be shown to be impossible of realization or of limited efficacy, they become dim and their hold on our attention and on our personal lives is correspondingly weakened. Few would root virtue in foolishness. The "is" and the "ought" may be logically distinct but they are psychologically interdependent. Even the triumphant foolishness of St. Paul was grounded in a higher logic and structure of being.

This is the source of disquiet I felt at both colloquia: Far too many made the basic impulse of feeding the hungry seem unreasonable. The reverse *should* have happened. Reason should have searched for every way to make the value of sharing food with the hungry more realizable. If, indeed, the nation did finally fail in the effort to prevent deaths by starvation we should learn this not from *a priori* reason or calculating thought but sorrowfully through the failure of our actual strenuous and self-sacrificing efforts. Reason reflects on experience and experiences can be created through moral effort. We can provide reason with more data. Logic requires propositions, propositions assume evidence, but evidence is always partial. By directing our behavior and our social policy, moral imagination can create more evidence. In addition to reason, the responsible thinker relies on powers of moral imagination. Reason should not disparage this faculty of imaging more moral worlds, especially since reason itself shows the necessity of supporting these moral impulses.

Let us return to the question of food. Responsible agronomists report that before the end of the year millions of people if unaided might starve to death. Half a billion deaths by starvation is not an uncommon estimate. Even though the United States has done more than any other nation to feed the hungry, our relative affluence makes us morally vulnerable in the eyes of other nations and in our own eyes. Garret Hardin who has argued for a "lifeboat" ethic of survival (if you take all the passengers aboard, everybody drowns) admits that the decision *not* to feed all the hungry requires of us "a very hard psychological adjustment." Indeed it would. It has been estimated that the 3.5 million tons of fertilizer spread on American golf courses and lawns could provide up to 30 million tons of food in overseas agricultural production. The nightmarish thought intrudes itself. If we as a nation allow people to starve while we could, through some sacrifice, make more food available to them, what hope can any person have for the future of international relations? If we cannot agree on this most basic of values—feed the hungry—what hopes for the future can we entertain? Technology is imitable and nuclear weaponry certain to proliferate. What appeals to trust and respect can be made if the most rudimentary of moral impulses—feed the hungry—is not strenuously incorporated into national policy?

The truth is that we can be reasonable only in the context of value and communal purpose. Perhaps the point can be illustrated by a distinction between "crackpot" rationality and "comprehensive" rationality. Crackpot rationality is reason unhinged from a larger religious and moral context. Comprehensive reason is reason informed by moral and communal purpose. Without vigilance, our culture's emphasis on efficiency, technology and ever increasing production can erode our powers of moral imagination and diminish the exercise of comprehensive reason. Perhaps one of the infrequently noted cultural consequences of the weakening of religious traditions is related to this impoverishment of rationality. The symbols of all advanced religions are communal. They affirm a shared fate. In Western traditions mankind is one creation, in sin, and in redemption. Lacking a religious imagery to imaginatively sustain it, comprehensive reason is especially vulnerable. As we nervously explore ways to increase productivity and to protect national self-interest, reason can become purely technical and unable to imaginatively question ultimate purposes. Even worse, technical reason finds it difficult to understand elusive notions such as a common humanity, national humility, or global responsibility. The Secretary of State recently described criticisms of United States foreign policy based on humanitarian grounds as "theological." By theological he seems to have meant something like "well-meaning but stupid." Again, a representative of the National Security Council recently remarked that "to give food to countries just because people are starving is a pretty weak reason." Both remarks illustrate the baleful consequences of the severance of reason from moral vision.

A final point about personal effort and public result should be made. We often wonder what we actually accomplish by our small gestures which seem so tenuously related to public events. We do not appreciably affect the world. Our talk about hunger, our financial contributions to relief agencies and our own occasional fasts and abstinances seem to do little good for starving people. There is a deadly temptation to minimize the modest good that we do. We must be careful never to

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disparage what some pejoratively call "symbolic actions," as though symbols which assert a shared fate were not absolutely crucial for our own and the nation's life of reason. Teilhard de Chardin once remarked that were it not for the liturgy he feared he might suffocate. Contemporary life affords few opportunities to affirm common bonds with those outside our kinship or friendship networks. Even our gestures of charity are usually mediated by bureaucratic agencies. Personal regard can be directly shown to very few. Yet it is incontrovertible that values can be grasped and renewed only in actual experience. We cannot appropriate values by thinking about them. The value of generosity can be appropriated and renewed only by our experiencing this value as a recipient or by performing it. In modern society there are few opportunities to experientially assert common bonds with others not based on self-interest or mutual protection against real or imagined foes. Small wonder, then, that those values associated with feeding starving strangers can seem remote and unreal to many.

It is of the utmost importance that our modest efforts not be disparaged. If we do not continue to insist on mankind's common fate, surely technical reason will devour us all. Many die from lack of food. We die inwardly from lack of moral purpose and sustaining symbols. Our cultural deprivation is not unrelated to their physical deprivation. One of mankind's oldest revelatory stories tells us that we are our brother's keeper. We must continually remind each other of this. We must suspect any use of reason which allows our symbols of mankind's shared fate to loosen their hold on our deepest convictions.

RITUAL OF REBELLION

GEORGE P. ST. HILAIRE

Does it enhance the social order rather than weaken it?

Max Gluckman, a South African social anthropologist, has written extensively on what he calls "rituals of rebellion" (cf. especially *Custom and Conflict in Africa*, *Order and Rebellion in Tribal Society*, and *Politics, Law and Ritual in Tribal Society*). It is his contention—and he demonstrates it quite conclusively—that ritualized rebellion paradoxically enhances the social order instead of weakening it. There is a healthy dialectic between custom and conflict or order and rebellion in many of the African societies studied by anthropologists. Rebellion, Gluckman points out, is different from revolution. In the former, people are demonstrating the tensions that obtain between ruler and subjects or between various classes of the population. There is no question of trying to overthrow the existing order. In fact, Gluckman contends, it is only when that existing order is firmly established and generally accepted that a society can afford the luxury of rituals of rebellion. And he points to various cases where, because rebellion would be no laughing matter, it is not allowed. For instance, "in the Polish ghettos, where the rabbis were powerful, once a year a sermon attacking them was preached in the synagogue by a wastrel; this was not found where the rabbinate was weak. In Swaziland, if the king was still a boy, the rites of rebellion were not practised."

Revolution, on the other hand, seeks to overthrow the existing order. It breaks out much less frequently in tribal societies than in our own because the former are much more conservative and traditional—in fact, like to think that their order has remained crystallized since time immemorial and that they are, to use Claude Lévi-Strauss's phrase, "peoples without history." He therefore calls them "cold" societies, since "their internal environment neighbours on the zero of historical temperature" and since it is their object "to make it the case that the order of temporal succession should have as little influence as possible on their content." "Hot" societies, in contrast, of which we are representative, are those "with history," "resolutely internalizing the historical process and making it the moving power of their development.

The great revolutions of the modern era are, of course, good examples pointing up Gluckman's distinctions between revolution and rebellion. The American colonists in 1776 were determined to throw off the shackles of royalty—and not just George III—as well as an unjust tax system; the French Revolution was an effort to abolish an elaborate power structure which left most people powerless; and the Russian Revolution turned its back violently on an even more venerable system which for most had become too burdensome.

After Gluckman, other anthropologists began to notice a whole series of rituals of rebellion in our society. Such are New Year's Eve and Mardi Gras, when sexual mores are lampooned, and, for the children, Hallowe'en, when honesty and fair play are set aside and limited

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destruction of property is legitimized. Consequently, the Roman Catholic mystic Margaret Mary Alacoque and other would-be religious reformers were quite wide of the mark when they inveighed against the sexual license indulged in at Mardi Gras in 17th-century France. Ironically, the participants were not demonstrating their immorality but precisely their morality. Margaret Mary failed to understand the process unfolding: by engaging in this kind of rebellion the people were acknowledging the wisdom of the Church's marriage and purity rules; their acts were in no way revolutionary, for on Ash Wednesday they went back to their normal observance of the law.

Intriguing for me, however, in light of recent events in our society, are some observations Gluckman makes in *Custom and Conflict* about Western culture: "We don't have rituals in the sense that we believe that the acting of social roles will in some supernatural manner affect our prosperity and unity in this way. But, of course, we have many ceremonials expressing unity. And a few of these are recognized to state conflicts. Yet I am also sometimes tempted to regard as 'ceremonies' other squabbling actions in our social life, which are usually assumed to be realistic. Parliamentary debates and election campaigns are full of dispute: I wonder how realistic much of this is, and what relation it bears to the actual taking of political decisions. Periodic scandals, say, about the actions of the Civil Service, may lead to the affirmation of general principles about how the country should be run, as if there were not posed impossible reconciliations of different interests. These inquiries may not alter what actually happens, but they affirm an ideal condition of unity and justice. Even some strikes appear to be ceremonials of rebellion in the national industrial system. For some of them end, and apparently for a time happily, without changing conditions; and others lead to a change which might have been achieved without the demonstration. Yet the demonstration appears to be a preliminary necessity."

With the Watergate scandals and the strong recommendations for reform coming out of the Senate Watergate hearings, most of us are expectant of more honesty in political campaigns, some radical changes in campaign financing, and a higher level of morality in our public servants. On the other hand, in the midst of this general outcry for reform, Rep. Wayne Hays of Ohio, chairman of the House Administration Committee, held up a campaign reform bill for months; and when he finally let it through, it did not call for public financing of congressional campaigns because, as an incumbent, he would have no advantage over his challenger. There are other straws in the wind as well: the papers report that though Sen. Sam Ervin's prestigious committee has recommended a spate of strong measures for government reform, not much that will really shake the establishment will be enacted. Congress and our leaders in general are nearly always made the scapegoats. But if what Gluckman says is true, then we can believe that we have just passed through another ritual of rebellion. That is why the radicals of the '60s were right (and more "level heads" were wrong) when they refused to work within the system. They realized intuitively what anthropologists have analyzed with great care and over a long period of time: working within the system can at most precipitate rebellion, and rebellion can at most turn out a specific ruler like L.B.J. or Richard Nixon.

But there is something else that must be examined at this juncture. One might legitimately ask, "Yes, what about the rebellious '60s, when John Mitchell herded thousands of anti-war demonstrators into corrals like cattle? What about the Blacks rampaging through the streets of Watts, Washington, Detroit, or Newark, looting and killing? What about the scared look on Nixon's face as he carefully avoided college campus appearances?" The problem in these cases, of course, is that these dissident groups were refusing to play the game according to the rules, and the law and order people were crying foul. So were a lot of Mid-Americans, as we learned in 1968 and again in 1972. The intuition these two latter groups had was that many sympathizers of the dissidents, at least, and doubtless some of the active participants were really playing at a game called revolution when in fact they were claiming to be playing at rebellion.

While I'm on the subject of the war-resisters, I'd like to examine the case of those young men who refused to serve in Vietnam. Why do so many Americans (and not just the V.F.W.s) get terribly emotional when the question of unconditional amnesty is raised for those who resisted the draft and/or refused to go to Vietnam? Is it merely because they can't admit that they themselves or "we" were wrong while the kooks were right? Are we to believe that that many millions are partisans of the immoral slogan "My country right or wrong"? I don't think so. If we view the entire matter of the war under the rubric of ritual of rebellion, I believe we can come up with a more satisfying explanation.

Again, harking back to Gluckman, we recall what he said about the weak and the strong rabbinate in ghetto Poland. If the foundations of the institution are weak, then rituals of rebellion are out of the question. Whenever there is a foreign war, the foundations of a society are always threatened. That is why, even though the country was almost unanimously sick of the Vietnam war by 1970 when Nixon ordered the U.S. "incursion" into the Parrot's Beak of Cambodia and again when two years later he mined the harbors of Hanoi and Haiphong, the vast majority of Americans approved of his actions. Political analysts told us at the time that people get behind the President on matters of foreign policy. But why should that be? Why, too, should the Senate Watergate hearings recess in June of 1973 because Brezhnev

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was visiting our shores? We were saying, and Congress was saying that "Once there is questioning of the social order, ritual of protest is inappropriate" (*Custom and Conflict*, 134). We were saying that we still approve of our political system, that despite its wrinkles and warts, it is overall a pretty good order.

Therefore, people are opposed to unconditional amnesty because the evaders and the deserters were playing at war and our society was being threatened. Consequently, if these young men do nothing more than say "I'm sorry," we will be purged of this social sin. But they *have* to admit, either by their words or by their actions, that they did something that is never done.

How much can we hope for political reform, for honesty in government? The answer, it seems to me, is contained in the lengthy quotation from Gluckman. Since we are not at present willing to pay the price of revolution, we will have to be satisfied with periodic rituals of rebellion. We may topple more presidents by this means, and certainly we'll send more dishonest politicians to jail amid a flurry of cluck-clucks and sound recommendations for reform. But this is not entirely useless; otherwise rituals of rebellion would have no purpose. As Gluckman points out, by legitimizing otherwise forbidden actions, they relieve and express tensions. The public now is aware of these tensions and some small reform may result or a given crooked individual will be thrown out of office. They also perform that paradoxical service Gluckman mentions: they reaffirm, by reason of the fact that they are rebellion and not revolution, confidence in and approval of existing institutions.

AMERICANA AT NEWPORT

MUSIC

This year's Newport Music Festival was dedicated, in the Bicentennial spirit, to a reexamination and revival of American music, both old and new. The first four days, during which some 35 American and Canadian critics were in residence for the annual meeting of the Music Critics Association, the emphasis was on early music. In 10 concerts we heard 22 major works, both instrumental and choral, and some 40 songs. The experience was both traumatic and salutary—like a *grand examen* or a general confession. We found out what we have been, musically, from the earliest days of the republic, and before, and in our self-analysis was discovered something about what we are.

First of all, we are hymn singers. The early songs, from Hopkinson and Billings to Mrs. Beach and Charles Wakefield Cadman, were influenced so much by the New England hymn-style that most are literally secular hymn in strophic form—or one damn verse after another, as the musicologists say. And even where songs depart from the hymn-style, what makes most of them less than works of art was a tendency of the composers to try to remain faithful, in musical terms, to the meters of the poems, which in most cases were none too good to begin with. I wondered what would have resulted if Schubert had tried this with *Der Erlkönig*.

The most interesting songs were *Les Silhouettes* and *Her Voice* by John Alden Carpenter to texts of Oscar Wilde. Carpenter's setting of Lord Douglas' *The Green River* was less convincing.

Griffes' *By a Lonely Forest Pathway* and the *Bedouin Love Song* by George Chadwick were good songs, well sung by, respectively, tenor John Aler and baritone Harlan Foss.

Two dramatic works were presented side by side, Dudley Buck's *The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere*, and *The Patriot* by Julian Edwards.

The *Ride* is based faithfully on Longfellow, for male quartet and a chamber ensemble. It uses the *Star Spangled Banner*— or, as it was known before 1812, the English drinking song, *To Anacreon in Heav'n*—as a sort of *cantus firmus*. Despite a few bars of good choral writing, it is like nothing so much as a bad barbershop quartet. In the end, it is fatiguing: I had forgotten how long Longfellow can go on.

The *Patriot*, a little one-act opera, was altogether better music. It concerns a legendary visit of Washington to a Tory farmhouse near Valley Forge, the attempt of the owner to assassinate him in his bed, and the Rigoletto-like twist when the farmer's daughter sacrifices herself by moving Washington and occupying the bed. In spite of some textual and musical corn, like Marion's singing a few bars of *America* while dying in her father's arms, and a chauvinistic "moral" sung by the company at the end, there were three pretty decent arias.

Having worried most of my life about our poor Cecilian Catholic Church music of the nineteenth and early twentieth century, I understood, after these excursions, how it came to be so bad: even the art composers had to follow poor German models, or go to Europe and study with pedantic, unimaginative German teachers.

We were a bit luckier in the instrumental department. Blair Fairchild's *Concert de Chambre* is a good piece of creative writing, a little violin concerto with five strings and piano. It was given an impressive performance by Raymond Gniewiek, concertmaster of the Metropolitan Opera. It should be revived and kept alive as part of the chamber repertoire.

Macdowell's *Etude de Concert*, op. 36, was impressive in a scintillating performance by Peter Basquin. Cecil Burleigh's Violin Concerto, op. 25, was a respectable

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piece, as was Arthur Bird's *Variations on an American Folksong* (Swanee River), op. 34.

There were instrumental clunkers, too: a string quartet to be played on specially tuned open strings only, inconsequential except for the composer, Ben Franklin; the *Federal Overture* for harpsichord by Benjamin Carr, a pot-pourri of old tunes like *Yankee Doodle*, with the adhesive material between quotations being Ur-Mickey Mouse; also for the harpsichord, James Hewitt's *Battle of Trenton* an old characteristic suite *à la* Couperin which lasted slightly longer than the actual battle; and Cadman's *A Mad Empress Remembers* for cello and harpsichord, a lugubrious tone poem with so many deceptive endings that we finally started to bet on the time of the real ending. We had to conclude that the empress, Maximilian's Carlotta, seems to have remembered altogether too much.

Yet after all the laughter and tomfoolery, we realized that it is salutary to know our humble beginnings, if only to appreciate the better our vastly improved circumstances.

Virgil Thomson, one of our most respected American musicians, addressing the critics, made a hypothetical division of American music at about 1890, before which we were heavily influenced by German pedants, and after which the influence swung to French teachers and composers.

It was a valid division, in some ways. But I think Thomson may have been too self-deprecating: I believe the real Renaissance in American music began when Thomson and Copland left for Paris in 1921 to study with Nadia Boulanger, leading the pilgrimage to the *Boulangerie* which continues to this day.

However we read musical history, it is evident that there is a vital continuum, that the old yeast constantly leavens the mass. The result? Since World War I we have witnessed a procession of nobles in American music who need make obeisance to no one, whose litany reads: Barber, Bernstein, Copland, Cowell, Creston, Dello Joio, Hanson, Harris, Menotti (Can we claim him finally?), Moore, Piston, Schuman, Thomson . . . only the archangels in the hierarchy; the list is endless.

And if we could see Hopkinson and Billings and Ben Franklin and the rest peeking over the parapet of the musician's Paradiso, we might witness them laughing at their own material—and waving the flag for the unique work of Newport. RALPH THIBODEAU

(Ralph Thibodeau is a teacher at Del Mar College in Texas, and music critic of the Corpus Christi Caller-Times.)

an exchange of views

The 'Catholic' Catholic Problem

White Plains, N.Y.

To the Editors: Leo Pfeffer [8/1/75] is not the first American of integrity, fairness and scholarly credentials to conclude that of necessity the Catholic Church in the United States must be a monolithic institution.

More than thirty years ago, the then esteemed president of the New School for Social Research, the late Alvin Johnson, confided to this writer that he once shared that view. He had been born and reared in Minnesota and grew up with the belief that if one knew what one Catholic held he knew what all Catholics held. Then, Dr. Johnson continued, he moved to Chicago and quickly learned Irish Catholic politicians were so adept at cutting one another's throats that there were no close seconds.

What can be said of "the unholy alliance of the National Association of Manufacturers and the Catholic Church" at the time when the Child Labor Amendment was first proposed? Alliance is hardly the precise word for this limited and local agreement involving only two persons really—James A. Emery (1876-1955), a Catholic, general counsel for the NAM and a man of outstanding ability, and William Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston.

E. Harold Smith,
George G. Higgins
and
John F. Cronin . . .
with a reply by
Leo Pfeffer

For more than a quarter of a century Emery had been appearing before Congressional Committees always in opposition, as Senator Robert Wagner (N.Y.) once reminded him, to every important measure of social justice introduced in Congress during these years. He had, however, the ear of Cardinal O'Connell. The Cardinal, on the other hand, was not entirely without social vision. His 1917 pastoral letter vindicating the right of working men to organize was

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welcomed by social-minded Americans. Apparently for reasons that persuaded others, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, he had determined to oppose the amendment and was willing to use his influence in Massachusetts where it was considerable and among his fellow bishops where it was severely limited, if it existed at all. This was the extent of the alliance.

Consider the other side of the coin. The ablest pronouncement, undoubtedly, on either side of the controversy was made by Senator Thomas Walsh, prominent and active Catholic, in the U.S. Senate January 8, 1925. The speech was for ratification. Two of the best informed Catholics in the United States on the merits of the amendment were John A. Ryan and William Kerby —priest-professors at the Catholic University, Washington, D.C., scholars of national and even international reputations. They were both publicly supporting the amendment on the lecture platform and in print. Before the International Catholic Alumnae in 1925, Ryan advocated the ratification of the amendment in the forenoon session; Archbishop Curley opposed it in the afternoon. He added, however, "if Dr. Ryan disagrees with me he is free to do so." The Archbishop continued that this freedom extended to other similar questions as well. A week before the referendum vote in Massachusetts, Boston was flooded with 100,000 reprints of *Labor,* the journal of the railway brotherhoods, containing a pro-amendment article by the same John A. Ryan, top-ranking Catholic moral theologian and major American economist. The Archbishop of Boston was unhappy and protested. At the time he would have settled for a larger measure of "monolithity" than he, the senior American Cardinal Archbishop, could find even in his own See City. In so reacting, however, he would have been at variance with his own Catholic tradition. A generation before, Archbishop John Ireland (1838-1918), a man of totally different temperament and cast of mind, expressed this tradition well: "It is a calumny that we deeply resent to say that in civic political matters Catholic voters are under the influence of the Church. Priests and bishops do not dictate the politics of Catholics; if they strove to do so their influence would be promptly repulsed. . . . To speak of myself privately and publicly as a citizen I give my allegiance to a particular party. (Ireland was a Republican). . . . As a matter of fact, legions of Catholic voters in America believe me hopelessly wrong in politics. As a citizen I may regret that my political influence is not wider, as a Catholic I am glad of the independence of the citizenship of America."

The Child Labor Amendment was defeated by the power of the NAM in union with super patriotic and pseudo-patriotic organizations which see a threat to the Constitution and American political traditions and policy in every effective piece of social legislation.

The Spanish Civil War was a divisive issue among American Catholics—among Spanish Catholics also. It is true that probably 95 percent of the diocesan press in this country was supporting Franco's cause. Still the diocesan weekly of the largest archdiocese in the country, Chicago, (headed by a powerful cardinal-archbishop) never espoused Franco and was outspokenly critical until the end. There were the two Catholic weekly journals of opinion. One of these (*Commonweal*), unlike most of the diocesan weeklies, attempted to present the war and the issues objectively. For the most part the complexities of the situation were ignored and the issues oversimplified in most of the American Catholic papers. Still it is impossible to find any evidence of any effort on the part of the Church to mass all Catholics behind Franco's banner.

Jacques Maritain, perhaps the most distinguished Catholic layman of the first half of this century, was teaching at the New School for Social Research at the time. He had accepted this offer rather than one at a prestigious Catholic university because the latter required of him an assurance that he would not be critical in his classes of Franco's cause. This fact speaks volumes.

Was the Church the bedrock of McCarthy's power in the fifties? Again, as in the Spanish War, the record of the diocesan Catholic press was sad and undistinguished. This time around however, both the Catholic weekly journals of opinion (*America* and *Commonweal*) were militantly anti-McCarthy as they should have been with courageous editors who never dipped their colors. The University of Notre Dame in one of those years gave its podium to George Kennan for the annual address to the graduates. The speaker declared, and his words were widely quoted, that Senator McCarthy's appoach to Communism and his tactics were wrong and therefore so were the approach and tactics of those who were supporting him. Dr. Jerome Kerwin, dedicated Catholic layman, intimately identified with the University of Chicago for many years spoke out about the same time as Kennan and in the same vein. Anna O'Hare McCormick, a fervent Catholic, and well-known contributor to the *New York Times* at that time, never lost an opportunity in her prestigious column to warn against the dangers of McCarthyism both at home and abroad. The best that one can say it would seem is that too many persons, Catholic and non-Catholic, supported the late Senator and for too long. But in neither case was the bedrock of his strength among the better informed.

In none of these three examples cited in the article and discussed in this letter is there evidence of monolithic action on the part of the Catholic Church in the U.S. One can understand, however, how the author of the article and others equally open-minded and fair as he came to this conclusion. When Protestants and Others United for Separation of Church and State (POAU) was formed, Bishop Francis J. Haas (1889-1953), chairman of the U.S. Committee on Fair Employment Practices, remarked to this writer that if the members of that organization could sit in at one session of the annual meeting of the American bishops, they would disband and save themselves money and effort. Mr. Pfeffer is happy with a number of the changes in the Church and writes in such a way as to imply things are not what they used to

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be. Indeed they are not, in truth they never were. E. HAROLD SMITH

In a recent column distributed by NC News Service to the Catholic press, Msgr. George G. Higgins, secretary for research of the United States Catholic Conference, commented on an article in these pages by Leo Pfeffer. The full text of the column follows:

Commonweal magazine is currently running a series of articles by non-Catholic writers on the general subject, "What I Think About The Roman Catholic Church." The second article in the series [8/1/75] was written by Leo Pfeffer, a well known constitutional lawyer who, as the chief legal spokesman for the American Jewish Congress during the controversial fifties and sixties, gained the reputation in some circles of being a professional anti-Catholic. For my own part, I never really thought of him in those terms. I had several occasions to dialogue with him at what used to pass for ecumenical meetings in the good or bad old days preceding Vatican II. While I disagreed, more often than not, with his stand on church-state issues and looked upon him as being rather doctrinaire, I always enjoyed his company and never at any time got the impression that I was dealing with an anti-Catholic bigot in the usual sense of the word. Quite the contrary.

On the other hand, I did get the impression more than once that Mr. Pfeffer's feel for the nuances of Catholic thought and Catholic practice—and his knowledge of what was actually happening in the Church—were less than adequate. (In other words, I got the impression that he tended to generalize much too freely on the basis of partial or distorted information.)

I still have that impression (though to a lesser extent than before) after reading his *Commonweal* article. The text of the article is refreshingly frank and, on the whole, rather irenic. In summary, Mr. Pfeffer argues that one can dislike or disagree with the Catholic Church without being an anti-Catholic bigot (I agree), just as one can dislike the State of Israel without being anti-Semitic "even though there is strong and practically universal identification between Jews and the State of Israel and Catholics and the Church."

Mr. Pfeffer says that before Vatican II he did not like the Catholic Church "because it was monolithic and authoritarian and big and frighteningly powerful." He no longer uses that kind of pre-Vatican II language. Time marches on.

In the aftermath of Vatican II, Pfeffer continues, "I still do not like (the Catholic Church), but I do not like it less than I did not like it during (the pre-Vatican II period), and the reason is that, while it is still what it was before, it is considerably less so, if you can make out what I mean." If I have understood him correctly, what he means is that the Church, in his opinion, is gradually—in practice, if not in theory—redefining itself to meet his own notion of what the Church ought to be: a locally controlled congregationalist church based on popular sovereignty in Pfeffer's own individualistic understanding of that very fluid term.

Even if I were disposed to argue this point with Mr. Pfeffer—and, for present purposes, I am not—a newspaper column would hardly be the proper forum in which to do so. On the other hand, with the best of good will and with due appreciation for Mr. Pfeffer's partial change of heart with regard to the Catholic Church, I cannot help but say that his sociological approach to things Catholic (whatever one may think of his theology) is a bit too careless for a scholar of his admitted competence—and a bit too provincial as well. For example, only a man who had spent too much time on the sidewalks of the very provincial city of New York could have concluded that in the pre-Vatican II period "the Catholic Church was one of if not the single most powerful political force in the nation"—or could have convinced himself that Cardinal Spellman's disastrous involvement in the New York cemetery strike was in any way typical of the Church's approach to the labor problem in the United States.

I could cite several other examples to illustrate Mr. Pfeffer's lack of information about things Catholic, but one will have to suffice. "I could not understand," he writes, "the great silence of the Church on the civil rights revolution of the fifties and early sixties. Perhaps my memory is at fault, but I do not remember any year when the annual statement of the National Catholic Welfare Conference was devoted to the subject of equality for blacks. I was moderately active in the civil rights movement during this period and my recollection, fallible as it is, was that there was a general consensus that the Catholic Church was dragging its feet."

His memory is, indeed, at fault, and his recollection is more fallible than he makes it out to be. During the period he refers to, two of the annual statements of the old National Catholic Welfare Conference (now the U.S. Catholic Conference) were devoted exclusively to the subject of equality for blacks. By the standards of the fifties and sixties, they were reasonably good statements, as Mr. Pfeffer himself would probably agree if he looked them up before writing his *Commonweal* article.

In this same connection, while I am not stupid enough to pretend that the Conference or the Church in general did anywhere near as much as it might and should have done to promote civil rights legislation in the sixties, neither am I prepared to admit that "there was a general consensus that the Catholic Church was dragging its feet." Since Mr. Pfeffer has mentioned NCWC in this connection, let's stick with that organization for the moment. I would say that the Conference—in the person of Father John Cronin, who was my associate in the Social Action Department—lobbied more persistently and more effectively in favor of the 1964 landmark civil rights bill than it has ever lobbied before or since on any other single issue. The record will show that Father Cronin, working in close cooperation with his Protestant and Jewish counterparts in a then unprecedented ecumenical task force, spent almost all of his time on this issue for a period of many months.

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Contrary to Mr. Pfeffer's faulty recollation, there was a general consensus in 1964 that Father Cronin and his associates in the ecumenical task force played a major role in persuading the Congress to adopt the 1964 Civil Rights Act. The work of the ecumenical task force is recorded in considerable detail in a book by James L. Adams entitled *The Growing Church Lobby in Washington* (Eerdmans, Grands Rapids, Mich., 1970). Mr. Adams, an experienced Protestant journalist, concludes that the role of the churches, including the Catholic Church, in the enactment of the 1964 civil rights bill was a key one. In fact, Adams is of the opinion that the churches were so effective in this regard that their lobbying experience might have gone to their heads. He says that, "for weal or woe," church lobbyists have never been the same since 1964. "Having drunk of the heady wine of politics and power, they began eagerly flexing their moral muscles in anticipation of even bigger and more successful struggles." Adams is fearful that this might lead them to go too far in their dealings with the Congress.

I think Adams' fears in this regard are exaggerated, but, in any event, he demonstrates conclusively that the churches, including the Catholic Church, did not drag their feet on the matter of civil rights legislation, as alleged by Mr. Pfeffer.

As indicated above, I have singled out Pfeffer's reference to the civil rights problem as only one of several illustrations of what I consider to be the major weakness of his aproach to things Catholic both before and after Vatican II: a certain carelessness about easily verifiable facts, the kind of carelessness which, as a lawyer, he would never tolerate in his own field of professional competence.

I don't want to exaggerate the importance of this matter, but it does seem to me that the cause of interreligious understanding is hampered at least as much by inadequate sociology as it is by inadequate theology—on either side of the dialogue. Having said this, I hasten to add that I enjoyed reading Mr. Pfeffer's stimulating article in *Commonweal* and consider it to be a kind of landmark in the recent history of interreligious dialogue in the United States.

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Baltimore, Md.

To the Editors: Leo Pfeffer writes of "the silence of the Church on the great civil-rights revolution of the fifties and early sixties." But in 1958, the bishops issued their great pastoral letter on religion and race. This was widely acclaimed in hundreds of newspapers around the country. In the early sixties, the National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice proposed a national conference on religion and race. This was strongly supported by the NCWC, including a very substantial financial contribution.

In June of 1963, this writer was one of thirty labor, civil-rights, and religious leaders who met in the White House with President Kennedy to plan what was to become the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Both friends and foes of that measure agree that religious lobbying was probably decisive in its passage.

The Catholic Church was active in the March on Washington. Cardinal O'Boyle shared the platform with Dr. Martin Luther King when he gave his celebrated "I have a dream" address.

I believe that the Church was slow in moving massively in the area of civil rights, but its statements and action from 1958 on cannot be faulted.

JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.

Reply

Where Father Smith and I differ is in our understanding as to what is meant by "the Catholic Church." To me, it is not the 400-million-plus faithful, although some day it might be that. Nor is it the sum of elitist laymen, such as Wagner, Kerwin, Anne O'Hare McCormick, and Maritain. It is rather the prestigious Catholic university which rejected Maritain because he refused to be silent about Franco, the 95 percent diocesan press which supported Franco and probably the same percentage which supported McCarthy. In 1960 John Kennedy came out strongly against aid to parochial schools, but I do not think it inaccurate to say that the Church favored such aid. His brother Edward does not favor amending the Constitution to prohibit abortion; does anyone doubt that the Church favors it?

Father Smith implies that only James Emery and Cardinal O'Connell were responsible for the effective opposition to the Child Labor Amendment. If so, they were the two most powerful persons in the country, to be able to prevent adoption of an amendment passed by two-thirds of each house of Congress.

It would be impracticable for me to retrace the research I did some forty years ago as a law student, or to initiate fresh research. If my article were a sociological essay, as Msgr. Higgins seems to think it should have been, I would have done so, but since it is not, I feel justified in relying on my memory. This, fallible as it is, tells me that Cardinal O'Connell and Boston were far from the only person and place in publicly opposing the Amendment. Father Smith himself refers to Archbishop Curley, whose diocese was Baltimore. I am fairly certain that Cardinal Hayes of New York also publicly opposed it, and I believe that there were other bishops who did the same. Indeed, although here I may be even more wrong, I do not recall reading of a single prelate, not even the liberal Cardinal Mundelein, who publicly urged its adoption.

Msgr. Higgins thinks I am too provincial and should not generalize from New York experiences. One of the instances I cited was the opposition of the Church in New York to a Sabbatarian exemption from the Sunday closing laws. In June, 1962, the Massachusetts Senate passed a modest exemp-

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tion to that state's Sunday law. The Boston *Pilot* ran an editorial calling it "a shocking assault on the day of rest statute" and a response "to pressures that will destroy the Sunday observance in favor of those—principally Jews and Adventists—who worship on Saturday." The *Pilot* printed the names of "those Senators who so unwisely" voted for the exemption, and expressed "the hope" that they would reconsider. They did, and the measure was killed. Some two years later (we are now in the Vatican II era) a similar measure was introduced. This time the *Pilot*—its editor was still Msgr. Lally—editorialized that it "deserves the support of all conscientious legislators." The measure passed in a voice vote.

If I seem to be putting too much emphasis on New York and Boston, it should be remembered that at about the time of the ascension of John XXIII there were, for a short period, only four cardinals in all of the United States; two were in New York and Boston, a third, Cardinal Spellman's alter ego, a New Yorker transplanted in Los Angeles. (The fourth, like the others, east coast Irish, was in Philadelphia.)

Both Msgr. Higgins and Father Cronin take exception to my characterization of the Church's efforts in the civil rights struggle as silence and foot dragging. Considered in the light of (a) the resources and influence of the Church, (b) what other denominations, including the miniscule Friends, were doing, (c) the Church's efforts in other campaigns such as obscenity, Communism and aid to parochial schools, and (d) above all, the tragedy and immorality of Christian America's treatment of the black people, I do not think the characterization was unfair. If the entire religious establishment, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish, were to increase by ten-fold its contribution to the blacks' struggle to free themselves from three centuries of Christian-imposed slavery, it would still be silence and foot dragging. Someday, and sorrowfully it still seems far away, when the history of the ultimately successful struggle of the blacks for self-liberation is written, the role of white religion will merit little more than a footnote.

I do have one regret about my article. I was well past half-way through it when I remembered that I was limited to 2500 words. I should have revised the article by cutting down on the first part and expanding the last, particularly as I was asked to write what I think of the Church, not what I thought of it before Vatican II. Had I done so, I would have added two illustrative instances, one involving John Courtney Murray, and the other *America*.

In the early fifties I read a series of articles in the *American Ecclesiastical Review* constituting a debate between Murray and some members of the theology faculty at Catholic University on the subjects of religious liberty in a Catholic state and salvation outside the Church. In one of the articles, one of Murray's adversaries implied not too subtly that Murray was on the verge of heresy, if he had not actually gone beyond it. A decade later Murray was theologian in residence at Vatican II and lived to see his near heresies become the law of the land. (Compare what happened to Dollinger with what happened, or more accurately did not happen to Hans Küng.)

As for *America*, I do consider it part of the Church. (Not so *Commonweal*, twice cited by Father Smith as evidence of non-monolithity of the Church.) I have been reading it regularly for more than 20 years, and nobody can tell me it has not changed. It is not the *Nation* or *Commonweal*, but it is a liberal magazine. I find myself in agreement with most of what it says, although I usually would go further than it does; 20 years ago I could hardly find anything in it with which I agreed.

Father Smith to the contrary notwithstanding, things in the Catholic Church are not what they were. Paul VI, I am aware, is not entirely happy with what is happening and the rate at which it is happening, but neither he nor King Canute can stop it. I may yet get to like the Catholic Church, if anyone cares.

LEO PFEFFER

BOB CORDING

THE GATHERING

Here, where the river pools in around rocks,
its flume-fire stilled by depth, last light
gathers in the sides of fish, silver.
Fish gather, move with fringes of the night.

In the fields, trees, river, a trillion eggs
spun from the flesh of innumerable mothers
wait for the changes of earth through space.
I wait, as the others.

Here, the river paces to a pause. Fish pace,
pulsing in the slow flow of light from the world.
They pace for the year's first hatch. The hatch
pulses along the stems of leaves pacing to unfurl.

I pace for old meanings to grow full.
In the dark of my head, prayers
gather like sparks, gleam. The stream
gleams wet-black. Night gathers unawares.

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THE GAME OF ABNORMALITY

CORNELIA JESSEY

Ammon Hennacy

In the summer preceding the winter of his death, Ammon Hennacy was chosen Pacifist of the year by the War Resisters' League. When Professor William D. Miller wrote about Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker movement in his book, *A Harsh and Dreadful Love*, he gave some space to the famous—in pacifist circles—Ammon Hennacy, noting that "during the decade of the fifties, Ammon Hennacy dominated the action of The Catholic Worker." Miller points out that "he came to be their hero . . . a native American radical from the Midwest, a Thoreauian character who was honest and pure, who did all that a brave heart could do to end violence and cruelty. When Hennacy was living at the New York Worker house and engaging in his Spartan feats of fasting, picketing, and selling *Workers*, Dorothy Day made a comparison of him with Peter Maurin."

Everyone familiar with Ammon Hennacy and his connection with the Catholic Worker knew that he had to come to New York to join the Worker Movement and to enter a church he detested, the "Romans," because he fell in love with Dorothy Day. Everyone knew this, not from gossip, but because Ammon told it far and wide and wrote it in his autobiography.

Professor Miller makes a point of noting that Ammon's love for Dorothy Day "was indeed of the spirit, for, as he (Ammon) said, 'With my Life at Hard Labor, vegetarian diet, and mind on the One Man Revolution, I did not have to have physical contact with any woman: I had work to do.' "

Joan Thomas in her intensely personal account of her life with Ammon Hennacy remarks on "the making of human beings into sexless, sugar-coated 'saints' " and wonders if this is necessary to their canonization. Perhaps it ought to be that the first question asked is: "Why call any person who works hard for an ideal 'a saint'—?"

When Joan Thomas sent me the book she wrote about her husband, Ammon Hennacy: *The Years of Grief and Laughter* (Hennacy Press, Phoenix, 1974), she said: "I could not believe when I read *A Harsh and Violent Love* that Miller would make no mention of me—considering how Am used to say that next to solitary I was the best thing that had ever happened to him." She substitutes the word "violent" for the word "dreadful" in the title of the Miller book. Since her own thought is militantly psychologizing, one might psychologize in turn, that the thing the author of *The Years of Grief and Laughter* really feels is that the author of *A Harsh and Dreadful Love* did violence to the depiction of Ammon Hennacy. The reason is not hard to find once you open Joan's book. She tells the outspoken fun they had when her old man took his young girl to bed—perhaps he was an old Solomon, or even an old Gandhi, seeking to keep warm in old age. But that's not how Joan Thomas tells it.

When Dorothy Day persuaded Ammon Hennacy to leave the wide-open spaces of Arizona, where she had joined him to picket the tax office on one of his Hiroshima penance-fasts, and come to their movement in New York, he was—as she described him—"Like a wild man." His long hair, his one tooth, a lone yellow tooth, right in front like a tablet of the law, made his appearance abnormal in comparison with everyday types.

But once he arrived at the Catholic Worker house, Ammon Hennacy— despite his determination that no dentist would ever get near his mouth—was outfitted with teeth by a dentist smitten with the CW's. Probably it was the moment he glanced in the mirror and saw all those glorious teeth smiling at him, that he began to lust for young girls. Not long after that he met Joan Thomas. An active virus of 'normality' got him.

She was going on twenty-six. He was forty-one years older. She had come to New York to look up Dorothy Day, not because she cared about the Worker Movement, but because they had mutual friends, and because she cared about fasting. It was June, 1960. Joan Thomas describes herself, with a sense of mockery, as "a healthfully emaciated woman of twenty-five years young . . . a mysterious gypsy pseudo-saint," who noted happily that Dorothy Day was not only elderly-looking but heavy. She herself had an obsession with weight; the need to be slender is paramount in this book —she calls herself The Willow.

When Dorothy Day offered Joan a share of their macaroni lunch, the young girl instantly said she was on a fast. She wasn't but had no intention of getting fat by eating macaroni. Perhaps Dorothy Day was oversensitive to this youthful contempt for macaroni-eaters. At any rate, Joan Thomas quotes Dorothy as telling the poor hostess who was villainously trying to foist macaroni on all present: "Take that away . . . I'm not going to eat in front of a guest who's fasting," and then, apologetically, explained to the young-

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er woman: "That's why I'm so fat, we eat so much starch."

After Joan said she wanted to learn how to fast more efficiently, Dorothy Day sent her to Ammon Hennacy, saying: "He knows all about fasting. And he likes pretty girls."

The Years of Grief and Laughter is written in a diary-style, and has many of the egocentric deficiencies that mark diary-style books, but it also has the power of candid self-revelation, and the pathos of human beings floundering through the murk of our times.

". . . there are just as many people who become neurotic because they are merely normal, as there are people who are neurotic because they cannot become normal. That it should enter anyone's head to educate them to normality is a nightmare for the former because their deepest need is really to be able to lead 'abnormal' lives," quotes Joan Thomas from Jung. There are many such quotations from Jung in the book, and this one strikes home at the idealist. In our times particularly, the person who lives any dedication to an ideal is suspected of being really a seeker for attention; not to be lost in the crowd is the search for abnormality, and this is God and self-fulfillment—a game of abnormality.

"Only if we understand and accept the neurosis as our truest and most precious possession can we be sure of avoiding stagnation. . . The patient has not to learn how to get rid of his neurosis, but how to bear it," she quotes in another place from Jung. And who dare say that this be not pure and simple truth? The only trouble with the real life story of Ammon Hennacy's wedded life with Joan Thomas is that it doesn't appear at all abnormal, nor even neurotic. They lived like married people live, but it's true they tried to say they didn't. Perhaps, in Ammon's case, he really was afraid his religious friends would be scandalized so he had "to holy-shit them" (one of his favorite phrases). But in Joan Thomas' case, there seems a reluctance to admit they were ordinary normal wedded male and female. As she puts it: "At all the homes of his friends, A and The Willow maintained the charitable fiction that their friendship was a chaste and holy one."

At home he could prance with Joan "in gleeful nudity" but abroad, as in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore," they only "cut respectable capers." What could be more normal than that? Their life together was like any soap-opera marriage—he would read to her from his Autobiography, while she wrote novel after novel projecting various erotic adventures, incest, black men loving white women, etcetera—all of which would any day now become a best seller and make them rich. Even the ending has the pathos of normalcy. Like so many senior citizens, Ammon Hennacy lost his home. Joe Hill House went down the drain. They moved to Phoenix and now, in old age, the famous old pacifist had to do what had always been the most repugnantly 'normal' thing about normal people. He had to go to work. Joan Thomas suggested they could still play the "Christian con game," and wanted him to write Dorothy Day to send them rent money. But probably Ammon had never thought in such modern terms—he had an old-fashioned kind of 'integrity'—(he only liked to beg for "his bums" actually—it was like cleaning up the litter on the streets, which he always liked to do, for he was fastidious by nature—or, answering letters; he never liked to leave people unanswered). He did not want to ask Dorothy Day to send rent money when he no longer ran a "charity house."

Up early every morning, he went out and walked door to door the streets of Phoenix (which he described as "a chickenshit town"); he was a Fuller brush salesman! Yet even this could not altogether damp the fire of the old pacifist—he sold his Autobiography along with Fuller brushes. But it was too much for him, and he fell ill, almost died—of flu, or pneumonia, or perhaps even loneliness. He missed his old life, missed "being a well-known character on the streets of Salt Lake City," missed going all over town greeting everybody and being greeted, collecting food for "his bums." And, he was missed. Salt Lake City rather liked the character he'd formerly portrayed, the old prophet fasting and picketing against capital punishment and doing penance for Hiroshima. The health department people even drove him around, trying to find another house when they had to close down his old Joe Hill House.

In the late spring of 1969, Ammon Hennacy and Joan Thomas returned to Salt Lake City. The following January of 1970, he died while at his favorite abnormalcy, picketing the state capitol in protest of capital punishment for three murderers. Joan Thomas writes: ". . . his pathetically thin heart walls caved in. . ."

People were notified of his death and arrived. When Dorothy Day came, Joan took her to see Ammon's body on view. Joan bent down and kissed his lips for the last time. Dorothy watched. Later, Joan Thomas writes, Dorothy Day said to her: "I was deeply touched when you went up and kissed him. After you kissed him. I didn't touch him. So you were the last to touch him."

With characteristic psychological probing, the young wife has to figure out how to fit these words into the norm of the soap opera mentality. She decides the words were "a consideration from the other woman."

When the ashes of her dead husband come back from the crematorium, Joan Thomas opens the box and sees "fairly sizable chunks of bone fragment." Weeping, she pours them "into a plastic basin" and "with a hammer, pounded the bones into powder," because she had promised Ammon to sprinkle his ashes on the grave of the Haymarket martyrs in Chicago's Waldheim Cemetery—not his bones. And so she does sprinkle his ashes. At the conclusion, the reality of down-to-earth normal people trying as all normal people do, to be abnormal, comes through with the ring of truth, and this is the tale of *The Years of Grief and Laughter*. There is poetry at the end, written by the young wife—because old men must die and young girls must write poems.

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THE MAN BEHIND THE THEORY

CHARLES G. LARKIN

Karl Marx, His Life and Thought

DAVID McLELLAN

Harper & Row, $12.50

"Ideas can accomplish absolutely nothing. To become real, ideas require men who apply practical force." This was the view of Karl Marx in *The Holy Family* in 1845. Until his death in 1883, however, Marx remained essentially a formulator of ideas: the men who would "apply practical force" to realize his ideas would come later, applying that force with a vengeance that would transform the shape of the twentieth century.

Considering the overwhelming influence of Marx's thinking in this century, it is astonishing to realize that until now the English-speaking world has for all practical purposes been deprived of a full-scale Marx biography. Sir Isaiah Berlin's lucid but short biography of Marx appeared in 1939, and for some years Franz Mehring's classic 1918 biography has been available in translation for those readers willing to wrestle with his massive—and somewhat adulatory — account. Since Mehring's time, however, the unexpurgated Marx-Engels correspondence has become available along with some important, but previously unpublished, works by Marx—particularly the Paris *Manuscripts* of 1844 and the *Grundrisse* of 1858—rendering Mehring's work outdated.

Thus the appearance of David McLellan's *Karl Marx, His Life And Thought* is something of an event in Marxist scholarship. McLellan, who teaches at the University of Kent in England, has previously made important contributions to the understanding of Marx in his *Marx Before Marxism, The Young Hegelians And Karl Marx* and *The Thought of Karl Marx*: all remarkable for their clarity and objectivity. The present biography exhibits these same characteristics, but there is a difference between critical studies and a biography: what is a virtue in the former may become a vice in the latter.

In his preface McLellan remarks that much of what has been written about Marx has suffered "from the grinding of political axes," which is undoubtedly both true and lamentable. He has therefore tried to write his biography "*sine ira et studio* . . . from a sympathetically critical standpoint that avoids the extremes of hagiography and denigration." In other words, *virtus in medio stat*. Well, not quite. If McLellan has avoided the extremes of hagiography and denigration, he has done so at the price of maintaining the kind of ascetically objective standpoint which can render the life of a passionate thinker as dull as a recitation of the second declension neuter. In striving to maintain "a sympathetically critical standpoint" McLellan chose to be *absolutely objective*, with the result that his approach to Marx's life and thought is by and large neither sympathetic nor critical: it is merely objective. Worse things could be said of a biography devoted to a thinker as inflammatory as Karl Marx, and McLellan's work must be acknowledged as the most trustworthy source of information on Marx's life currently available in English.

Although McLellan concentrates on the exterior succession of events, avoiding psycho-history or any attempt at interior analysis, the biographical form by its very nature allows for insights into an understanding of Marx which a knowledge of his writings alone could never provide. The relentless preacher of proletarian revolution was born into a comfortable middle-class family at Trier in the Catholic Rhineland in 1818. His father, a respected lawyer, was descended from an ancient line of rabbis but had converted to Protestantism so that he could continue to practice his profession under the Prussian regime. Trier had been under the political and intellectual sway of France until 1814 when it was incorporated into Prussia, so that the young Marx grew up in an atmosphere charged by the revolutionary enthusiasm of the eighteenth century and inspired by the writings of the French Enlightenment. Socialist ideas also crackled in the air and the young Marx was introduced quite early to the works of Saint-Simon by his mentor and future father-in-law Baron von Westphalen. Marx's university studies may have been dominated by Hegel, but his childhood "catechism" consisted of Voltaire and Rousseau. Studies on Marx rarely emphasize—or even acknowledge—these early influences on Marx which account for a great deal in his later writings which is otherwise inexplicable.

The inevitable confrontation with the mighty Hegel came (reluctantly, it is interesting to note) during Marx's law studies at the University of Berlin. The romance was passionate but brief. It had the effect of drawing Marx away from law and into the arms of philosophy and the Young Hegelian movement. Within that movement was another young man named Ludwig Feuerbach. In a series of short works Feuerbach managed to abolish the imposing edifice of Hegelianism by showing that Hegel's idealistic philosophy of *Geist* was a metaphysical distortion of the simple fact of human consciousness. Hegel's *Geist*—as well as the God of Judaeo-Christian theology—merely represented the speculative extrapolation of natural human

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characteristics into a transcendent, and therefore *alien*, being. In directing man's attention away from the human and toward the transcendent, both philosophy and religion stood accused of perverting mankind's sense of itself by engendering a false feeling of alienation in modern man. The impact of Feuerbach's critique was devastating. "We all at once became Feuerbachians," exclaimed Engels in an unaccustomed burst of enthusiasm some fifty years after the event.

By this time Marx had secured his doctorate in philosophy, but his association with the radical Young Hegelians made it politically impossible for him to secure an academic position. Instead, he turned to journalism. Although the influence of Feuerbach can hardly be discerned in classical Marxism, the import of Feuerbach's thinking can be seen on every page of Marx's *Economic & Philosophic Manuscripts* written in 1844 in Paris while Marx was contributing to Arnold Ruge's *German-French Annals*. These *Manuscripts* remained unpublished until 1932 and their appearance at that time provoked a reassessment of Marx's thought which continues up to the present. While the classical Marxism which became institutionalized in the Soviet Union in this century emphasized the rigidly deterministic character of Marx's theories on society and historical development, these earlier writings revealed a humanistic vision of man which stressed the integrity of the individual in society and freedom as the goal of social development. It is in the *Manuscripts* that Marx's much-acclaimed theory of human alienation is given its fullest expression. Contemporary Marxists tend to divide themselves between those who accept the "young Marx" as the *real* Marx and those who continue to insist that it is only in the "older Marx" of *Kapital* that the true revolutionary thinker can be found.

McLellan rejects this either/or problematic, arguing that it became outmoded with the appearance of Marx's *Grundrisse* ("Outlines") in 1941. These "Outlines" were written in 1858 as Marx was rushing (once again) to get his work on economics into print. McLellan notes that the "concepts of alienation, objectification, appropriation, man's dialectical relationship to nature and his generic or social nature all recur in the *Grundrisse*." For McLellan this indicates that Marx's thought developed organically throughout his lifetime and that there is no essential discontinuity between his earlier and later writings.

What McLellan fails to recognize is that the serious problem which separates the followers of the "early Marx" from classical Marxists is not a question of historical continuity but the logical question of contradiction. While the free development of the individual emphasized in the earlier humanistic period seems uncomfortable next to the deterministic engine of historical development (i.e., Historical Materialism) elaborated in the later works, it is certainly incompatible with the Dialectical Materialism which provides the *Weltanschauung* of classical Marxism. Thus it would have been helpful in shedding light on the current ideological rift within Marxism had McLellan devoted more attention to the fact that it was Engels, *not* Marx, who bequeathed to Marxism the philosophical world-view of Dialectical Materialism.

Marxism without Engels would be like Christianity without St. Paul, and although some might suggest that both movements would have been better off for the omission, the historical facts must nonetheless be recognized. McLellan can hardly be accused of ignoring Engels' contribution to Marx's life and thought. Their Damon and Pythias relationship is carefully recorded from their Paris meeting in 1844 up until Marx's death in London forty years later. Their joint-authorship of such important documents as *The Communist Manifesto* and *The German Ideology* is examined in skillful detail and their collaboration in other theoretical projects—as well as in practical revolutionary activities—is dutifully recorded. McLellan details the financial support provided by Engels for the perpetually "embarrassed" Marx family during their exile life in London from 1849 onwards, and it is also revealed that Engels rescued Marx from another kind of embarrassment altogether when he accepted the paternity of Marx's illegitimate son by Helene Demuth, the companion-servant to the Marx family. Indeed, Engels was conveniently available for all kinds of assignments. When Charles Dana asked Marx to become a correspondent on German affairs for the *New York Daily Tribune*, Marx readily accepted the offer despite the fact that his command of English was quite atrocious. To resolve the crisis Marx dispatched a note to Engels instructing him to "Write a series of articles on Germany from 1848 onwards. Witty and straightforward. The gentlemen in the foreign department are very outspoken." The obliging Engels complied, producing eighteen articles which were warmly received in the American press—all under Marx's name.

And it was under the authority of Marx's name that Engels introduced Dialectical Materialism into Marxism after the death of the founder. Through such works as *Dialectics of Nature* and *Ludwig Feuerbach and the Outcome of Classical German Philosophy* Engels built upon the systematic view of nature and the universe which he had first elaborated in *Anti-Duhring*. Hegel's influence upon Marx has become a commonplace in the history of modern thought, but Hegel's greater influence upon Engels is too often ignored. In *The German Ideology* of 1845 Marx denounced all attempts at "system building" and had excoriated Feuerbach because "he only interprets the existing sensual world, has only the relationship of a theorist to it, while in reality for the practical materialist i.e., the communist, it is a question of revolutionizing the existing world, of practically attacking and changing existing things." Marx's scorn for all speculative constructions was summed up in his charge that "Philosophy has the same relationship to real life as masturbation has to sexual love."

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Partly through the writings of Feuerbach, Marx became convinced that the age of philosophy, epitomized by Hegel, had come to an end: "The philosophers have only *interpreted* the world, the point is to *change* it." Thus he had no use for the kind of "philosophizing" which was posthumously attributed to him through the influence of Engels. Between the time of Marx's death and the Bolshevik takeover in Russia an entire cosmological vision of reality, decked in dialectical trappings, had made its appearance through the agency of such theorists as Engels, Plekhanov and Lenin. It is *this* doctrine which causes great difficulties for those committed to the vision of man set forth in Marx's early *Manuscripts*. Marx's own mature theories on history, class-warfare and the inherent self-destructiveness of capitalism are not the serious stumbling-blocs which have alienated contemporary Marxist humanists. Rather, it is the speculative legacy of Engels, which McLellan chooses to mention only in passing. Since these developments occurred after Marx's death the biographer is no doubt justified in his procedure. McLellan's omission of Marx "the philosopher" may not help us to understand the contemporary situation within Marxism, but it certainly gives us a more accurate portrait of the revolutionary thinker who thought that "ideas can accomplish absolutely nothing."

Toward The Future

PIERRE TEILHARD DE CHARDIN

Harcourt Brace, $6.95

Man Without Tears

CHRISTOPHER F. MOONEY

Harper & Row, $7.95

EUGENE FONTINELL

When Teilhard de Chardin was alive his philosophy of hope was desperately needed as a corrective to the corrosive and stultifying nihilism which emerged during the first half of this century. Today, while this nihilism has remained and in some sense deepened, there has also emerged, in both sophisticated and unsophisticated forms, a "nature nostalgia" which threatens to bring forth a new passivism and quietism. The ecological sins and Promethean excesses of a human community which several hundred years ago began to reject a conformist and spectator role in relation to nature are all too evident. In the face of such sins and excesses one can appreciate and even welcome a Heidegger's persistent call to "let Being be" or the Eastern mystic's rejection of the ego and its accompanying desires. Such views, however, seem to imply that the differentiation of human consciousness from Nature was a tragic mistake (never adequately accounted for) which can be redressed only a process of reabsorption or repristination in which we allow Nature or Being to have its way with us rather than wilfully impose our desires and purposes upon them. This "contemplative" tradition, so widespread and recurrent, undoubtedly touches a depth in human experience which forbids us to dismiss it as primitive or archaic. Such a facile dismissal in the name of science or evolution or progress has resulted in a variety of superficial scientisms and progressivisms. Because Teilhard was so sensitive to the mystical dimension of reality he was able to avoid (some critics notwithstanding) both an easy optimism and a demonic Prometheanism. At the same time, he refused to back off from the modern vision of the exciting and dangerous task of attempting to create a new world and a new humanity.

In the eleventh volume of his Collected Works, *Toward The Future*, Teilhard unequivocally asserts that "we have not only to ease but to develop; not only to repair but to build." These thirteen essays dating from 1929 to 1954 present in a most readable form such Teilhardian themes as the coming of a new humanity, evolutionary progress (not merely "process"), the superiority of the Western path over that of the East, knowledge as power to transform the earth and the centrality and indispensability of Christianity for the realization of the human potential. Three of these essays are particularly worthy of note. In "The Sense of Man" (1929), Teilhard describes the new vision which has only recently developed under the influence of various sciences. Teilhard concedes that this "sense of man believes in the magnificent future of the tangible world and the gospel seems to despise it." Nevertheless, he argues not only that this new sense of man is a religious phenomenon but that "the cause of Christianity and the cause of the world are inextricably linked."

In "My Fundamental Vision" (1948), we have a mini-version of Teilhard's renowned *Phenomenon Of Man*. This would be a good beginning essay for those wishing a succinct overview of Teilhard's thought, since, as he tells us, it presents "an authentic and complete summary of my present intellectual attitude to the world and to God—the essence of my faith."

The most unusual and in some ways the most provocative essay in this collection is "The Evolution of Chastity" (1934). I leave to the feminists consideration of Teilhard's view of the role of "woman" manifest in a statement such as "initially, man will gravitate to woman." I will confine myself to the central theme of this essay in which Teilhard first gives us a critique of the traditional argument in favor of virginity and then presents us with his own argument for its "absolute superiority." It is doubtful that anyone unpersuaded by the older argument will be won over by Teilhard's. Indeed, he comes perilously close to simply rephrasing the argument which he allegedly rejects. In attacking the "old" chastity he tells us that he finds it very difficult to accept "that our

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heart necessarily becomes less for one being, by giving itself to another." Yet he later gives a negative response to the question "Is it really possible, without loss, to give oneself twice?" Teilhard fears that in physical love "we burn away part of our 'absolute.'" Hence, he is led to speculate that in accordance with "the inflexible laws of evolution" and "in order to continue to possess one another more fully in spirit, the lovers are obliged to turn away from the body, and so seek one another in God." What is to be noted is that Teilhard is not arguing for virginity as *a* way of union with God but as *the* way, if human beings are to move to a higher evolutionary stage. I would suggest that Teilhard is here a victim of the most distinctive and strongest feature of his thought, namely, his passion for unity. Ironically, Teilhard, more than most "philosophers of unity," has struggled to retain the features of individuality and diversity which would seem to be true fruits of an evolving reality. Hence, it would seem quite consistent with the fundamental thrust of Teilhard's vision to project a future in which human beings will relate to God in a variety of ways through the free expression

> *Man becomes aware simultaneously of his power to foresee the future and to invent; and it becomes increasingly clear to him that he would be out of his mind to lend himself to the prolongation of evolution, and still more to its rebound with himself as springboard, if the irreplaceable and incommunicable essence, both of each individual person and of planetized mankind, were not finally gathered up and integrated into some fulfillment—a fulfillment that would be* for all time. *In other words, in a universe which has become conscious of a future, cosmic involution would immediately come to a halt, checked from within, when confronted by the hopeless prospect of a possible total death.*
>
> —Toward the Future

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DOUBLEDAY

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of the creative possibilities of experience rather than being compelled to one form of union by "the inflexible laws of evolution."

It is just such "creative possibilities of experience" that the distinguished Teilhardian commentator, Christopher F. Mooney, sets out to explore in his fine little work, *Man without Tears.* Aptly subtitled, *Soundings for a Christian Anthropology*, "each chapter is intended as a 'sounding,' an effort to measure the depth of a given experience using the weight of Christian revelation." Mooney "sounds" seven themes—survival, conflict, play, failure, old age, death and Christ. In each instance, the author, continuing Teilhard's effort, attempts to overcome any destructive opposition between religious man and secular man. Mooney is hopeful without being naively optimistic or sentimental. He makes no pretense of "proving" his positions but instead strives to share with us the fruits of his reflections. There is a concreteness, directness and sensitivity

in Mooney's presentation which cannot help but touch a range of persons of varying philosophical and theological sophistication.

A striking and significant feature of both works under consideration is their unequivocal affirmation of Christianity. Particularly noteworthy is their willingness to affirm a belief and a hope in personal immortality in an age which is most suspicious of such an affirmation. While I find the directness of their Christian witness refreshing, I often find it unsettling and even frustrating. At times there is an air of unreality which surrounds the Christian values or Christian principles which are described by Teilhard and Mooney. It is not only that we are presented with a Christianity shorn of those historical, psychological and sociological dimensions which are always attached to concrete Christianity. Since Teilhard and Mooney are engaged in speculative undertakings, it is surely legitimate for them to project the positive possibilities of Christianity as they might be if liberated from those negative features which partially constitute past and present Christianity. What I am asking for is a clear and unequivocal recognition that these "positive possibilities" are always matters of faith rather than matters of fact. It is quite consistent with, even demanded by, the developmental metaphysics of these two thinkers to admit that they are describing a Christianity which never was but hopefully will be. They are talking about a Christianity that is just as much *to be* created as a Christianity which has been created. Of the utmost importance is that fact that this creating must take place in a changing context that henceforth must be ecumenical in deed as well as in word. Unless this is sufficiently stressed, Christian witness conveys a triumphalism that is basically alien to both Teilhard and Mooney. Such a witness is in danger of giving the impression that the solution to the human condition is already realized and waiting to be acknowledged, rather than there being an offer of life manifest in reality to which we are not only called or invited to join but also to help create.

Views and Overviews

Abortion and the Sanctity of Human Life: A Philosophical View
by Baruch Brody

Dr. Brody argues that abortion is morally unjustifiable once the brain of the fetus becomes active, which occurs about six weeks into pregnancy on the basis of electroencephalographic measurements. His approach is firmly rooted in the Western philosophical tradition and takes the form of a closely but lucidly argued application of the first principles of ethics.

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$25.00

The MIT Press
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02142

Looking on Darkness

ANDRE BRINK

Morrow, $8.95

MARTIN TUCKER

A profound love that is made to know every bond in a repressive state —these are the "givens" in the new novel by Andre Brink, a Dutch South African who has translated his own work into English.

Brink's novel has caused a sensation in his home country where the work has been attacked as pornographic, and a ban on its publication upheld by the South African Supreme Court. The censorship issue has raised a furore among various arts organizations throughout the world who have hailed Brink's fiction as a searing indictment of apartheid.

Clearly the novel is going to be discussed as work of artistic merit (or lack of it), a document of liberal suasion and plea for change, a propagandistic statement of the horrors of South African policy, and a herald of South African literary development.

It deserves the attention.

The novel is structured in the form of a confessional. Joseph Malan sits

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in his jail cell, awaiting execution. He has been convicted of the murder of his lover, Jessica Thomason. He writes his "confession" because "it is necessary to empty myself completely, in order to return into myself," it is essential "to fight my way thorugh a web of syntactic certainties towards a final, possible glimpse of truth."

Joseph is a Coloured—the name is given to humans in South Africa of mixed color ancestry. In Joseph's background are the inevitable white overseers who have raped Hottentot, African and Asian women and left them to bear the burdens of the experiences. Joseph's family history is one long litany of men and women who have been beaten, castrated, bruised, abused, and murdered by South African whites. Only in one case does Joseph's ancestor defy authority, the one named Adam, whose end presaged the fall of those after him. Adam murdered the *Baas* whose son had been directly responsible for the death of Adam's wife. Even then, Adam waited passively to be taken away by the *Baas*'s neighbors and brutally slaughtered. In the remaining annals, Joseph's descendants may try to escape from their slavery, may rob to feed their young, but they accept their punishment as the Lord's will. They are the inheritors of some ancient curse, they must wash away their skin in penance till the day of forgiveness absolves them from this world. They do not rebel, the will to fight has been stolen from them.

Joseph has one benefit none of them had. He is the only one to pursue an education beyond high school. He is sent to a Capetown university, and from there he moves to London and the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. In London Joseph scores several professional successes. He has an affair with a rich and lovely girl, Beverly, who would marry him if he wished. But one day Joseph wakes up to the fact that he must return to his country —to fight for the rights of those who will come after him and to redress the wrongs done his ancestors.

In Capetown Joseph forms a dramatic company, but he is harassed by police and planned bureaucratic pitfalls. Yet Joseph is lucky: he has friends, and he has the will to continue to strive for his goal of community theater.

Joseph's friends include Dulpert, who teaches him the meaning of

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REVIEWERS

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The Immigrant Church

New York's Irish and German Catholics, 1815-1865

Jay P. Dolan
foreword by Martin E. Marty

In contrast to the traditional kind of religious history which looks at institutional development, this book focuses on the man in the pew and furnishes a comparative view of Irish and German Catholic life in mid-nineteenth century New York. Dolan examines the role of religion in strengthening group life in these ethnic communities, traces the development of the church in the city, and reveals the relationship between urban and church growth. *The Immigrant Church* "will help readers come as close as possible to sensing what it must have been like to be involved in the brick and mortar, the rhetoric and reality, the sweat and the dreams of life in those years." — *From the Foreword*

$10.00 hardcover

Johns Hopkins

The Johns Hopkins University Press, Baltimore, Md. 21218

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friendship and *satyagraha* (Dulpert had studied under Gandhi at Ahmedabad); Jerry, the black who works with a secret revolutionary movement; William de Villiers, the Boer financier on whose father's farm Joseph and William had shared their adolescence; and Richard, the troubled white novelist. Richard, writes Joseph, is the last man to trust, because his liberalism, however well-intentioned, is a cover for his guilty conscience. Joseph has two other friends whom he comes to love: the British girl Jessica, again rich and lovely and wayward in her toilet (she, like Beverly before her, is more a hurricane than a whiz in arranging the dressings of her life), and Father Mark. Father Mark and Dulpert are the most idealistic characters in the book. One is killed by the police; the other is exiled because of police pressure.

In Jessica, Joseph finds his deepest tie. Their love is physical, symbiotic, unbreakable. They grow so close they cannot break apart without destroying a part of themselves. And so, one night, Joseph "murders" Jessica in a mutual pact, though he does not kill himself, he allows the South African courts to do that.

The style of the novel is compelling: it is a work that throbs with personal intensity. Some of the passages on art, on commitment, on the theatre, on the gay life in Capetown smell of the novelist's greasepaint, but such spots do not matter in the total canvas. Not even the pretentious device of reprinting Shakespeare's sonnets (the last things Joseph wrote, from memory, the night before he died) adulterates the story's passion. Brink has been compared to Solzhenitsyn—particularly because of the government harassment each has encountered—but in style and temperament he is closer to Pasternak and *Dr. Zhivago*. Brink includes everything in his novel—his hero's literary aspirations, his love of poetry, his dedication to art, his penchant for endless discussions on the artist's role.

Brink's novel is, like its Russian counterpart, more than an exposure of repressive conditions in a local country. It is a universal restatement of man's hopes, his flagging desires, and despair. It is going to be one of those works that will make people angry, rapturous, and in any case keep them reading till the pots on their own kitchen stoves boil over. It is a compelling tale of a man willing to die for love. It is in the great line of romantic fantasy rooted in a naturalistic setting.

And yet some unsettling questions remain. What is accomplished by Joseph's gesture of death? The truth is, he and Jessica could no longer live in subterfuge in South Africa. They had a choice of three roads, and they chose no one of them. They could have departed for England and lived there as man and wife (each rejects this as a "betrayal"). They could have separated, knowing each had another role to play (yet each refuses this way out, suggesting their commitment to each other is as great as their commitment to the cause of South Africa). They could have openly defied the law and made themselves martyrs.

Instead they chose the romantic note of dying for love. Joseph had just mounted a production of "Othello"—he knew his penchant for allowing life to follow art.

A fitting gesture for the theater. But how fitting for the honesty of this novel? In what way does Joseph's embrace of death advance anything except his love of drama and self-knowledge? Joseph's death erases the need to answer questions put to him by his friends, the most profound of which is the extent of his commitment to the revolution in his land.

The one question before which Brink shrinks is this question of violence. He allows it partial hearing in the form of speeches by various adherents, but he does not deal with it. He avoids it by having Joseph and Jessica choose the passivity of death to active communion of struggle.

The question is significant, for Brink has been hailed as revolutionary. Certainly some of his tribesmen, the Boers, feel he is a traitor, but Brink remains on the side of liberal and peaceful tradition. His hero is always hoping for a nonviolent solution to the South African separatist issue—an integration of white and black and Hottentot and Coloured and Asian. Joseph acknowledges that his friend Jerry may engage in violence. But *that*, if it comes to that, will happen after Joseph is a "smooth round pebble contented in its fall, dust unto dust, true to itself."

Brink's evasiveness does not spoil his novel. A novel is not a tract, no matter how many plots of land it may traverse. Like his hero, Brink explores questions, poses issues, then moves on. The South African government's rabid reaction to the book speaks more to the fear of repressive governments than to any just justifiable literary criticism.

Perhaps Brink's dream of integration will come true. Like Joseph, he has done his share, fulfilled his duty, broken and bled his heart. Is it a full share, or is any reader asking too much to have a novelist go beyond the sleep of death, the fashion of lyric surrender, the ache of weary fatigue?

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Camilo Torres: A Biography of the Priest-Guerrillero

WALTER J. BRODERICK

Doubleday, $10

My Life for My Friends: The Guerrilla Journal of Nestor Paz

TRANS. & ED. BY ED GARCIA & JOHN EAGLESON

Orbis, $4.95

ALEXANDER W. WILDE

Camilo Torres and Néstor Paz are modern Christian martyrs. Martyrs, because they were, for love of their fellow human beings, willing to give up their lives; modern, because they were, in the name of that love, willing to kill. Both died in the jungle—Torres in Colombia in 1966, Paz in Bolivia in 1970—as guerrillas.

Their deaths, and lives, embody a religious position which has been elaborated and broadcast by the theoreticians of the new Latin American theology. Its underlying logic is simple. The first principle of any Christian's life must be love of his neighbor. But a society may be so fundamentally corrupt that the individual, despite his or her best personal efforts, is prevented at every turn from making that love *effective*. The Christian comes to understand that "love" must go beyond face-to-face contact to the "structures" that shape the context of human relationships; that Christian love implies social justice. The Christian life is a fight against the violence of the existing order.

It was in their choice of means to carry on that fight—violence to fight violence—that Torres and Paz parted ways with other radical Christian perspectives, such as that of the Catholic Workers. Why did they do so? And, what is the force of that choice for anyone who would live a Christian life in today's world?

These two biographies offer abundant materials to ponder these questions. The formal arguments are there: society is inevitably marked by conflict, and more specifically, by class conflict; to bring peace, the Christian should not preach some specious harmony but participate in the struggle of the poor and dispossessed; reform is impossible, given the violence of the ruling classes; "counter-violence" and revolution are the only realistic Christian response. But the questions raised by these men are much less answered by any abstract analysis they advanced than, more simply, by the way they lived.

We can see certain common characteristics in their lives. Both had an abiding enthusiasm, a profound kind of optimism about the liberating direction of their times, and a deep conviction about the role that they personally should—and could—play in it. This was something beyond any scientific certainty they could have been given by Marxist analysis alone; a positive view of themselves and the world,

> *What distinguished Camilo from those around him was his zeal for drawing closer to the workers, not his intellectual talents. . . . Marxist pundits poked friendly gibes at him, and government technocrats smiled indulgently, and Catholic prelates clicked their tongues, and bad-tempered politicians snorted and all of them, one by one, began to close their doors on him. As they did so, other doors opened, doors improvised out of cardboard tacked on a frame, or packing-case panels or sheets of rusty corrugated iron.*
>
> —Camilo Torres

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by W. Stanley Mooneyham

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at their core, that was, without doubt, a gift of grace.

Both, too, had a great capacity for love, in the immediate, ordinary sense of knowing and sharing the lives of other human beings. They did not lose this capacity, or need, even as they made a radical break with normal life by joining the guerrillas. They continued to reach out, to those they had left behind and to those with whom they lived in the jungle.

Who they were and what they did: this is where we find their religious significance (theology as *praxis*, perhaps). This is as true of Torres, whose voluminous writing publicly charted his whole adult evolution, as it is of Paz, whose only published record is his brief, affecting, posthumous diary. It is one of the many virtues of Broderick's excellent biography that he understands his subject as foremost a man of action rather than of thought. Camilo had enormous energy and a capacity to operate simultaneously in many different spheres. It was his urge to action, to involve himself everywhere from governmental offices to the hovels of the poor, that fundamentally shaped his life. His writing and thought were, to a degree unusual in a trained scholar, distillates of his experience.

Broderick did impressive research—in the abundant public materials, in private documents and archives, in many dozens of interviews—and notes sources by topic and chapter in an appendix (though he does not footnote). The result is a vivid and evocative density of detail about all stages of Camilo's life. Broderick is particularly percipient about what the priesthood meant to Camilo, and his long, imaginative, and sympathetic re-creation of life among the guerrillas is superior to anything on this phase done before. His dating of Torres' arrangement to join the guerrillas *before* launching the United Front political movement of mid-1965—rather than as a result of frustration at its failure—is original and persuasive. This is incomparably the best book on Camilo Torres—and one of the best biographies ever written about a public figure in Latin America.

> *I think my presence in the column, especially in the vanguard, has been beneficial. . . . It makes me happy to realize that all my previous formation and what we learned together is helping to make us more human. I think that people see this, and I'm glad . . . because it is a fundamental, inescapable service we must do for others: to show with our "life," our example, what we believe and desire, and to have an even spirit. . . .*
>
> —[Paz to his wife]
>
> My Life for My Friends

It is, above all, a book about a man's life. Its style is narrative, its voice omniscient author. This approach frames marvelous insights about people and events as Camilo experienced them, but it does have limitations. Colombian history and politics are simplified into a kind of morality play, like street theater. That may well have been the way that Camilo himself understood them. But one wonders how much his (and Broderick's) ethical position, which lays such stress on *objective historical conditions*, may be undermined by a failure to grapple with real complexities. The lack of an analytical framework also limited the contribution that the book might have made to the Theology of Liberation or to debates over revolutionary theory (in particular, the Guevara/Debray *foco* line).

But what it sets out to do, it does so well: it depicts a human being. This is a great accomplishment when a man's name is already mythic across a continent. Broderick's Camilo is no paragon People's Hero, but rather (to borrow Graham Greene's phrase), "a sort of revolutionary." A charming, energetic bourgeois, of enormous good heart, sometimes naive, sometimes blundering—his example cuts all the deeper for his very human imperfection.

He and Néstor Paz felt themselves driven to violence both by a pessimism about the possibilities of change without revolution and by optimism about the possibilities of revolutionary success. They were too optimistic and, in

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an immediate sense, they failed as revolutionaries. But their deaths do not prove they were wrong in their pessimism. There will be others who will find optimism—in their witness and, as they did, in the Gospel itself.

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Abigail McCarthy (Cont.)

than institutionalized military conflict or terrorism in the name of liberation.

Finally, I still affirm the "bright things: love and abiding friendship, the mystery of children growing and changing, the joy of intense thought, the gift of books and teachers of many kinds, the human capacity for simple fun . . . the simple wonder of the colors, and the sounds of the parade of life." I hang on to all that.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 387)

a tyrant by the people he was oppressing. Perhaps one could justify an outside person (Walter Pidgeon?) or country helping the oppressed to do so. But there is scant evidence that this is the interest of the assassins now so ruthlessly stalked by Senator Church. If one were to look—as the medievals would have—for Biblical parallels, Judith would have to be passed over in favor of David and Uriah. At least that's how it looks to those of us who live in economic colonies of the United States. What grandiose threat to U.S. national security is it which makes it necessary for the CIA to infiltrate our institutions and threaten or kill leaders who oppose United States' interests?

I am leery of articles which begin with Walter Pidgeon and Hitler and end with vagaries about "personal dignity." I for one do not think that assassination is a "relatively small matter." Were the assassinations of the two Kennedies and Martin Luther King small matters? Or is this true only of foreigners?

The article ends with a goal which is a lofty one: "restoring a politics which provides the conviction and experience that political life can matter." Is this goal served by belittling a Senate Investigating Committee? Mr. McWilliams is not concerned with the truth of the charges against the CIA in his article, but the truth about such a powerful government agency is essential in reaching his goal. The kind of thinking displayed in the article leads more quickly to cynicism than to the public spirit he so justly desires.

JOAN BISHOP

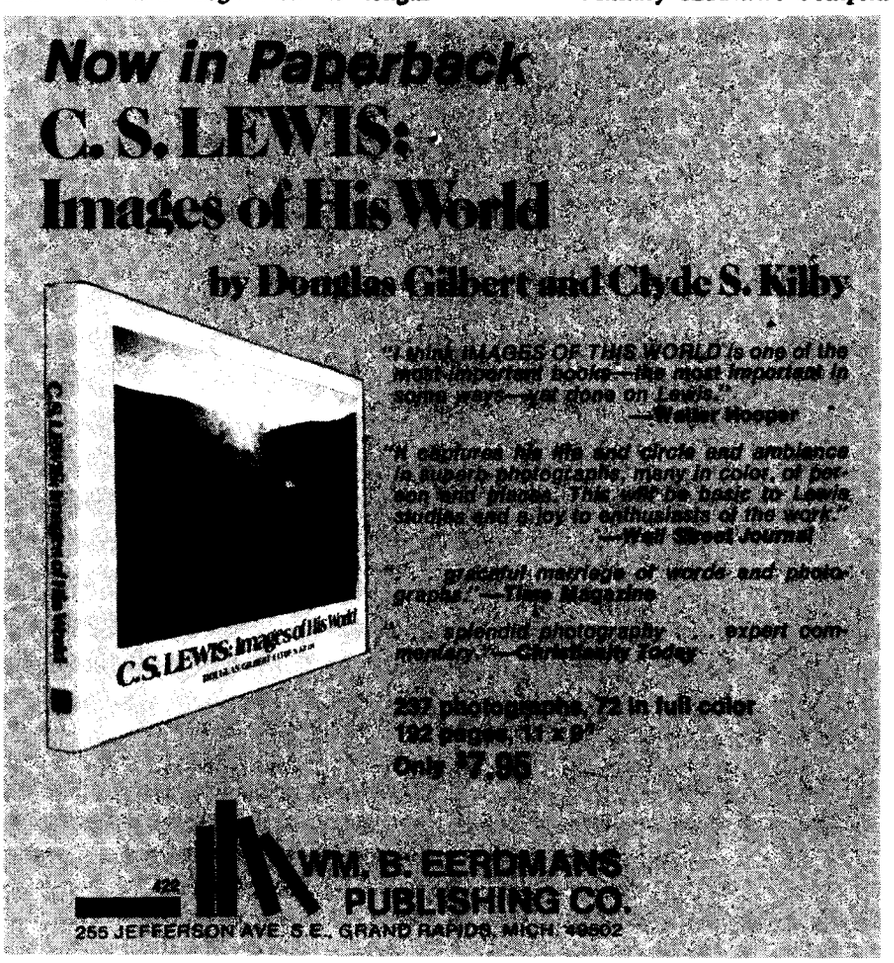
Facts & Fancies

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: In his reply to his critics on Vietnam [Aug. 1], Michael Novak claims that "they may be correct who say that the bombing, more than anything else, persuaded the North Vietnamese to negotiate *as until then they had refused to do.*" The facts are these: that the North Vietnamese and U.S. had negotiated at length prior to the bombing and arrived at an elaborate agreement in October 1972. The final agreement signed in January 1973 differed in no substantive respect from the pre-bombing agreement of October; there were only a few minor verbal adjustments that represented compromises on both sides. Tad Szulc's well-known theory [*Foreign Policy*, Summer 1974] is that the bombing was to get *Thieu* to negotiate. Another more persuasive theory by Gary Porter (spelled out in his forthcoming, *A Peace Denied, The United States, Vietnam, and the Paris Agreements*, Indiana University Press, 1975), is that the U.S. simply hoped to bully North Vietnam and the PRG into still greater concessions. . . .

In sum, then, Novak bases his final rationalization of the Christmas 1972 mass killings on a blatant misrepresentation of some fairly well-known facts. . . .

DIANA ROOSE
Research Consultant, National Action/Research on the Military Industrial Complex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